War Cry

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY CANADA

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Our Canadian Leaders.

CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD.

"No more the night cometh drearily,
No more my footwander wearily,
Safe in Thy arms, Oh so cheerily,
Thou has led me on."

In looking back over my past life, I can truly say I was a wanderer from the word go. In referring to the past, I pray God that my experience will help some who may read these lines, and if you are in the same pickle as I lived, come and taste of the Saviour's love, who has made a man of me and will do the same for you, being no respecter of persons. I was born in Truro, N. S., one of the most thriving towns in the Maritime Provinces. Although brought up by Christian parents, I soon learned how to live fast with other associates, and when quite young learned the habits of drink and tobacco with all the other acquirements, which the devil has for debeling and dragging his victims down to ruin. It was not long before these appetites grew on me, and I found myself on the road to hell at the rate of 2. 8½. Then my soul seemed to trouble me at times. I would make resolutions to do better, but broke them so often that I gave myself up, and got tired of them all. I could tell you many a tale how the devil used to use me as one of his dupes and how ashamed I was of my master. Down I plunged into dissipation, but my soul was not satisfied with it as it only proved vanity and vexation of spirit. I found that good clothes and a respectable name would not cover up the black heart within, the evil of which would often burst through the surface in the form of drink and sin. So I need to live. Praise God I did not die that way. God had another mission for me which I could not see, I often wished myself good like my parents or like the Sunday school teacher used to be, but it seemed to me the more I tried the harder I grew in the other direction. Of course I tried infidelity, and as I got books and used to study them, thoughts of

THOSE I KNEW TO BE LIVING RIGHT,

would come up in my mind, and the mother's prayers used to linger with me, although in a foreign land. You know there is a reality in Christ, and a thought came within "don't crush out all principle, throw away your books," and so I did, and so drifting and shifting from one thing to another put in my life before conviction. After travelling on the road for the firm I was employed in, I arrived home one Saturday night and heard that the Salvation Army had come to town, and people were getting what they called saved. A new word by the way for us

RUM HOLES,

accordingly went to see them and was

DISTRESSED WITH THEIR EARNESTNESS,

and watched it all, and took it all in. God's Spirit then began to work, but I said "Lord I have tried to do right before and made a miserable failure." True says the Spirit, you would not trust me to keep you, and I was miserable for a week. Never shall I forget it. I could not sleep or do much else and one night I went to the meeting determined to crush out the devil. I went forward and after an hour or so I found peace, and the glorious rays of divine light flooded, and saturated my soul. I raised my hand and sang that beautiful old song, "I will follow Thee my Saviour," and I felt the pressure of my Saviour's hand, as we sung the lines "Though all men should forsake me by thy grace I'll follow Thee." Oh! Hallelujah how glad I was. I had lots of ups and downs, lots of persecutors, yes! but lots of grace. I do not try any longer. I gave it up then and there, and His everlasting arms have been around and about me, and I have trusted ever since. I was called to the field and followed, and never a week yet but what God has given victory. St. John was my first station, then Moncton and Charlottetown. God wondrfully blessed us in those two last stations, and last November I received marching orders to farewell at Charlottetown, and come to Toronto. My soul said Amen. After a few months fighting among the 1st Canadian Royals, where many souls were saved, I farewelled for Ottawa, the Imperial city, where I am now pushing ahead the war. My first impression of the S. A. was right, that they were truly the people of God, and my experience is today, "All the way long 'tis Jesus."

CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD.

STAND UP!

One of the first lessons of a soldiers life is that of standing up properly alone, but also, that it seems to be one of the last learnt in the service of the King of Kings. There are no end of people, who can stand very decently in a crowd, or op against a church rail, or even in a procession, or an open-air ring, or on a platform. But God Almighty wants some men who have learnt how to stand upright all alone, against the world, the flesh and the devil.

God says, "Behold the upright," and the upright are the only people who can really stand looking at. Let us just have a good stare at them and see what they are made of. I am the mean anxious for this, because at a time, when we have so much reason to rejoice on the great improvement of the Army as a military body, it is of especial interest to try and perfect each soldier.

An upright man is one who is a thorough soldier of God inside—a man of God. Perfect soldierhood outside means giving yourself up altogether to the war, putting on the uniform and keeping it on, laying aside all else and going into the war with all your might in every possible way. Now just apply all that inside when you are alone, and you will be a true man of God, living under the perpetual smile of the great Captain of our salvation.

An upright man is one, who by absolutely giving himself up to God and trusting Him fully, has put on Jesus Christ inside and outside, so that all is pure within, no lurking illfeeling or desire or motive left, and whose whole soul is taken up all the time with attention to the war, which is all his delight. He is always on guard against the world and the devil, always ready to fire, loaded up and fearless, yet always marching on and learned how to be and do better.

One such soldier is an Army strong enough to beat hell altogether. for God says to anyone such "Resist the devil and he will flee from you.' The real strength of any corps, or of the Salvation Army as a whole, is to be measured not so much by the entire total on its rolls, as by the number of those heavenly life guardsmen, who are not to be moved by any number of enemies, but who on the contrary, are able by God's power to move everything.

These soldiers walk at all times as beneath the King's own eye, and live and act so, that He may at no moment find them off duty or unfit for inspection. They are not like other soldiers, to be caught sometimes halting, or stopping to pick something off the ground, or gossiping. They are occupied with the great calling too much for that you may find them at all sorts of work, cleaning windows, brushing boots, or darning stockings, but always with their whole soul upright and attention before God.

Do you stand up before God? Do you stand up when all alone before men? Or are you one of the common crowd, that have to be propped up or built up by a Captain or a Sergeant, a Corps, or a big meeting?

Only God Himself can make anyone upright, but He who made man upright, and the first is quite able and willing to make any number of men and women upright again. Will you be one?

Stand up! Stand up against all your miserable past and say, "I shall not go anymore. I will henceforth stand and walk before my God and be at perfect peace with Him.

Only put yourself in His hands like on. It will not be half and half clay in the hands of the potter, and He will make you the straight shape you will wish to be, when the great trumpet sounds, let us be ready to stand up then.

War Despatches.

LATEST TELEGRAMS FROM THE FRONT.

ST. JOHN'S N. B.

Opened Indian Town Sunday. Grand crowds on the streets. Hall packed, four prisoners taken, many deeply wounded. A great smash looked for. Adjt. Happy Bill.

KNOWLTON, P. Q.

Score one for the devil. His imps invaded our barracks Saturday night, demolished both drums, timbrels and colors; his victory trifling. We have victory in our souls, money fast being subscribed to repair damages. Devil left again. Capt. Stafles.

WHAT PRAYER DID.

His brother was a terrible drunkard. He had never entered a place of worship for forty years, nor lisped the name of God except in blaspheming. He came to see the Salvation Army and for days afterwards felt most wretched and miserable. He had been a professed infidel and tried to shake off the terrible conviction which had seized his soul, but in vain. The Lieut, in charge, was away for a special meeting one night, and on her return the next day this man came to see her, he said, "were you not praying for me at such an hour last night? I was in my bed but could not sleep. I heard a voice plainly, saying, 'Lord save his soul!' Oh! Lord save him now. It was no mistake, I heard a voice. Were you not praying for me at that hour? I believe it was God made me hear those words!"

True, at that very hour the Lieut. and her Cadets who were than miles away, had been pleading with God for his salvation in the very words which he heard.

Feeling more and more the weight of his burden, he came to the penitent form and got converted.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform!"

We honor the Lord most, by believing in Hi word.

WORK AMONG FALLEN WOMEN.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE SALVATION ARMY RESCUE HOME.

A Visit to the Institution by a Reporter—The Manner in Which the Work of Rescue is Prosecuted—Some of the Good Results Achieved—Assistance Wanted.

From the "Toronto Globe."

A day or two ago, at half-past ten in the morning, a Globe reporter might have been seen pulling the door-bell found at No. 270, Farley avenue, the headquarters of the Salvation Army Rescue Home.

In response to his ring came a comely young woman who bore no external sign of connection with the Salvation Army, and consequently aroused in the mind of the reporter the suspicion that he had come to the wrong house.

"Will you have the kindnes to tell me who lives here?" he said to the comely one.

"Captain Jones," was the reply.

"Is he at home?"

"No; but it's not a 'he' it's a she.'"

"Ah, I understand—a Salvation Army captain."

"Yes; she has gone to the butcher's. She will be back in a few minutes. Will you come in and wait?"

"Thank you," said the visitor, and was forthwith ushered into a small front sitting-room and requested to seat himself.

The room was neatly furnished, but naturally bare of anything in the shape of luxuries. Over the mantle shelf hung a number of framed photographs, large and small. The reporter recognized the centre-piece as a picture of the Albert Street Temple. A long-bearded, hook-nosed, yet benevolent looking face represented above he remembered as that of Gen. Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army. The other pictures he failed to recognise, but concluded them to be photographs of local officers. On the same wall hung a printed sheet containing the

"RULES FOR THE RESCUE HOME."

They were as follows:

Morning—7 a.m., rising; 8 a.m., breakfast; 8:30 a.m., prayers; 9:30 a.m., sewing 12:30 p.m., dinner.

Afternoon—1 p.m. prayers; 2 p.m., sewing; 6 p.m., supper; 6:30 p.m., prayers; 9 p.m., retire to bed.

Notice — No eating or drinking between meals.

Mondays, washing; Tuesdays, ironing; Wednesday nights, Sunday mornings and Sunday nights, attend meetings.

No uniform to be worn by the girls while in the Home.

STAFF-CAPT. JONES.

After gazing for a few minutes at the photographs and copy of the rules, the reporter glansed around the room and discovered, somewhat to his astonishment, that he was not alone. On a horsehair sofa opposite the mantle-shelf lay a girl whose hetic cheeks and bright but deep-sunken eyes—half closed now as she lay in a state of repose that seemed to woo a sleep that would not come—showed her to be in almost the last stage of consumption. She was evidently one of the inmates of the Home, rescued from a life of infamy only to die amid those who had saved her.

CAPTAIN JONES.

A few minutes more and Capt. Jones entered the room. She was a well-built woman of about 30 years of age, with a face the natural comeliness of which was intensified, by its traits of exceeding amiability and expression of calm restfulness, into an almost Madonna-like beauty. She wore a simple gown of dark blue, ascending to her throat, and a broad-brimmed straw hat with a Salvatien Army red ribbon around it.

She shook hands warmly with the reporter, who briefly stated the object of his visit. She turned immediately to the poor girl lying upon the sofa and said:—

"Maggie, dear, you must leave the room for a short time;" and the dying girl, with slow and painful efforts, rose from the hard couch and went upstairs.

"THAT IS ONE OF THE GIRLS

of the home," said Capt. Jones. "She is far gone in consumption, poor girl, and will never be able to do anything. We shall have to keep her until she dies."

Then, somewhat abruptly, saying simply, "Excuse me," she fell on her knees in the little sitting-room, and prayed God that in her conversation and in the article that might be written thereon His blessing might rest.

"Now," she said cheerfully, on rising, "to business," and she proceeded forthwith to give the reporter the information he sought.

She told him she was from "Hingland," as, indeed, he had already surmised from the abundance of "h's" in her conversation. She had been in Toronto the last seven months, during the first three of which she had been endeavoring, with little or no assistance and with scant success, to organize some such an institution as this which now actually existed. She had been engaged in similar work in connection with the Salvation Army in some of the great cities of England, but had found the work in Toronto much more difficult, because, as she held, while Toronto seems to be equally vicious with those old country cities, yet in the latter places it is more open and therefore more easily dealt with. After three months another female Salvation Army officer, Captain Kelly, came to her assistance, and faster progress was made. This home, which is also the headquarters of the Salvation Army officers, was established, and

THE WORK OF RESCUE.

was actually commenced. Captain Jones visited, and still visits, the worst houses of illfame in the city, sometimes alone and sometimes in company with Captain Kelly, and by means of these visits and other visits to the Police Court in the morning the "Rescue Home," during the first four months only of its existence, has been the means of plucking from vice no less than a score of girls. Of these, eight, said Captain Jones, had been provided with situations, which they were satisfactorily filling, five had been returned to their parents, five were yet in the Home and two others had been lost sight of—had, perhaps, the speaker sorrowfully admitted, fallen back into their old ways.

"Do you have any difficuly in getting into those houses?" asked the reporter.

"Not as a rule," was the reply. "We go, of course, in full uniform, so that nobody shall say we attempted to go praying about or to do things secretly. We are generally, even in the worst places, admitted freely, and the girls allow us to t lk with them, and pray with them, and weep with them. Often

THEY TELL US WITH BITTER TEARS

that they are ashamed of their lives and would leave their evil ways if only they knew how else to make a living. They know there is no way of doing so except by going into domestic service, and to a woman who has not the grace of God the prospect of scrubbing and washing for a living is a very hard one, and it appears especially so to those who have made money so easily by sinning. At other times we get the doors of these houses shut in our faces and are told to go to h—. In such cases we can do no more except try again. We go to those houses in the afternoon and to the Police Court in the morning. In the evening I stand at the doors of the theatres, try and sell War Crys and talk to the people sometimes about God."

"How do you know where to find these girls?"

"Well, when we get one she is almost always willing and able to direct to others. We

VISIT THE GAOL,

too, and find them out in that way: and I would like to say," she added, "that other woman than those of the Salvation Army are doing the same work there, and we all work together. There are women from the Church of England, and from the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, all engaging in the good work."

"How do you manage financially?"

"We are supported by the headquarters of the Salvation Army, and it is often a heavy pull on them; but we get contributions from friends. I wish you to say at the end of your article," she added, as the reporter turned to go, "that we shall be exceedingly grateful for gifts of anything that would be useful in a home of this kind, but especially for any clothing that could be spared for the girls. If we could get heartier support, financially and otherwise, we should soon be moving into a larger place. Good-bye. God bless you, sir."

THE ANGLO-FRENCH WAR

IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

BY C. T. P.

(CONTINUED.)

The sun was just setting wh.n we arrived at the beautiful little village of Knowlton, which sleeps peacefully on the calm shores of Brome Lake, with scarcely any sound to break the evening quietude, but that of the army drum. A detachment from Waterloo joined in the procession, our line of march lay not through stone paved streets and city thoroughfares, but through the verdant groves and country roads of the delightful little village. The inhabitants might well have sung:—

"Hark! hark, my soul, Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green field's and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the t uth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new l.'e when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pil,rims of the night.

When villagers get properly converted, as a general rule they make good Soldiers, we found it true in Knowlton at any rate, everybody was on fire and we had one of the most blessed and powerful meetings of the tour.

Although the army has been working here a little more than three months, scores of souls have been converted, and every week the corps is increased by new recruits. One of the *Colporteu's* tells us that since the army's advent, he has sold more bibles than ever before!

Some of our friends have offered to contribute material for a barracks, negotiations are being made to get it in course of erection as soon as possible.

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Our line of travel to Sherbrook, was a most enjoyable journey through some of the prettiest scenery in the country, passing on our way the famons Lake Memphremagog. We reached Sherbrooke, a city of 10,000 early in the evening, and by the aid of a small boy found the officer's quarters from the lofty stair case of which we have a magnificent view of the St. Francis River, where it is joined by its rapid tributary, the Magog. Captain Turner, who has been so sick was still able to smile. She was no doubt glad to meet her old sriend Captain Mc———, attired in the uniform of the "Salvation Navy." That organization has not yet reached Canada, but thanks to the dear Captain who has given us some idea of these peculiar people by enlightening us on the uniform question.

Our march was greeted with a torrent of rain, still a fair crowd attended the meeting, which was very good under the circumstances. The fight here is pretty tough, the authorities having refused us permission to hold open airs. Notwithstanding all, the Captain has some good news to tell us of an infidel and a French Canadian who have been converted. Adjt. VanAllen held a council of war on the morning of the following day.

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Coaticooke received us well and we had a lively time and no mistake! One would think that with so much marching, it would grow old, and monotonous to the Salvationist, but not so. The Coaticooke procession was full of that life and fire, which never grows dull.

Captain Pople soon upset things inside and it is unnecessary to say that everybody kept smiling during the meeting.

In this corps is a converted Swedish lassie, who is becoming a candidate. She gave a good clear testimony in excellent English. A French Canadian who has to suffer a lot of persecution is one of the brightest soldiers and heads the march as the Standard Bearer. Unable to speak English we interpreted his testimony, wich is a strong proof that the Lord can save French Canadians.

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A Saturday and Sunday series of successful and blessed meetings finished our tour.

TOUR OF THE QUINTETTE.

Rousing Times through the Hamilton Division—Along Lake Erie and up the Canal—Indians and Red Coats to the Front—A Wind-up at the Ambitious City on Jubilee Day.

QUINTETTE NO. I.

After leaving Port Dover behind with all its enticing beauty soon we strike

HAGERSVILLE.

We have often heard about this place and the hardness of the fight, we longed to give our comrades, Captain Miller and Lieutenant, a lift. I am sure we had a good chance, for in the open-air the Quintette had to play and sing, sing and play until there was no water needed to wash our faces. Our inside meeting was just grand, Griff leading with his most energetic way, and a most delightful, pleasant, interesting time was spent. One good feature of the meeting was a grand old reverned gentleman on the platform pouring out his sympathy towards the Army, saying how wonderfully the Lord has led us, and he praised God for the 50,000 drunkards that had been converted in the Army. At the close one c me out for salvati n, this ended a good meeting.

Next morning a team was hired to take us to the ba y corps of

CALEDONIA.

We are here for Saturday 11th and Sunday 12th. This corps has only been open a few weeks, and what a glorious work is going on, many souls have been saved, and a good corps is now standing. Capt. Torrence. Lieut. and Cadet seemed all alive for a good time. We are going to have crowds of people, all the inhabitants are waiting the commencement of the meetings," said the Captain. Many were the congratulations which welcomed the Ministrel Warrios by converts and friends. 7:30 the bugle sounded for street parade, away we march with a good crowd of soldiers and a lot of our Indian brothers from the Six Nations. A look at these, our comrades, with their bright happy faces compelled us to shout glory to God, He is able to save all who come unto Him. Our meeting inside I wont try to describe it, the roller rink was completely packed, every inch of the room taken up. What a time we had, talk about a Turkish bath, nothing compared to it. Songs, testimonies, &c. from young converts and powerful words from our Indian brothers, who seemed to hold salvation in great reverence. Things went swinging, although, I am so sorry I could not get in, was the cry of many after the meeting, you were packed like sardines in a box, and this was so.

This put everybody concerned on the tip-toe of expection. Sunday, 7 o'clock several applicants met for Divine help through the day. A telegram was sent to Heaven, the answer came, correspondence fixed and God was our strength from that time until we closed at night. Hundreds lined the streets every time we marched, listening to the strains of the Brass Band. Holiness was the topic at 11 o'clock, many were brought to see Holiness in its real state, and some pledged to be true to God for life, and never to resign their interest in the Kingdom of Christ. Afternoon many friends, with converts, spoke of the blessed peace they had through serving God. The gathering at night was indescrible long before the meeting time crowds were waiting to get in, what a crowd, the rink was full and overflowing. The first song took the people, the gripping power of God came down, His spirit rested on the speakers, and although the place was packed for two hours, they were kept almost in silence, here they were shown what high privileges they had, and how they kissed the sword that was piercing their own souls. The Quintette took them to Calvary stream in song, where they could get healed by His blood. We finished a mighty day of victory and blessing with two at the Cross. We can truly say the good times we had here surpassed our most sanguine anticipations, we pray that the good work that is started may go on, and that these hardy sons and daughters of God may be ever true to Him, and that soon many will join the gallant Army that belongs to Heaven.

Monday we are at

DUNVILLE.

The opera house was taken for our visit, we all went in for a good time, and we were not disappointed, the glory came down into our souls, and some said it got into our legs, as some were dancing with joy, anyway we had a jolly, joyful time, and had to say good night before the clock struck eleven.

Tuesday,

PORT COLBORNE

was sighted, there is the Captain, God bless Whitesides was the answer. He soon escorted us to our billets, time came round for outside attack, we marched hither and thither until nearly all the inhabitants were aroused from their sleep in sin. The little hall was well filled with people and power, and as Griff prayed for the angels to come I believe they came to join in our song of praise to Him we love so much, Griff threw some surprising shots in the crowd, the people seemed as if they could see their enemy, as they listened with mouth, ears and eyes opened, to the wonderful way God has brought him through and saved him after 29 years of a drunkard's life. This of course brought lots of sympathy towards the Army, as it always does, and the people saw more clearly what the S. A. really is, and what we mean to be. God honored this gathering with victory, we give Him the praise.

Next day placed ourselves behind the running wonder to stop at

WELLAND.

We have taken the roller rink, exclaimed Capt. Mayes, I expect a large crowd, our barracks wont hold them, so we squared things up in general and soon the cheering sounds of the band was heard on the streets. We kept all alive from commencement to the end, publishing salvation by sound and song.

This meeting passed of with conviction and interest, good will come out of it. On we go the next day for

THOROLD.

This corps has been lately re-opened and has felt the good of it I believe, with a proper march, a better meeting, devil defeated, soldiers blessed, Christians cheered, Capt. Tuckey smiling, Lieut happy, we finished another meeting on our touring list.

Again we are prepared to march on.

NIAGARA

is our next place on our way, we have to wait some hours at the great Niagara Falls, we took our opportunity and viewed these wonders, while we looked upon the mighty rapids with its sweeping power no force could stop, we thought of the many poor souls that is riding on the swift rapid of the world, soon to dash over the brink of hell never to rise again for ever. Our prayer is that God may use the Quintette to rescue some of them. Amen. Niagara town is soon seen. What are those red coats? Oh, that is the volunteers, they are here from all parts camping. I guess there will be many Salvation Soldiers among them, and this was true, for in our march before the meeting could be seen many of these boys in the uniform of Her Majesty, but not ashamed to wear the uniform of the King of Kings. Our meeting was good, many of these boys spoke of the power to live right in camp amid their comrades, some said they believed God had led them there to show forth their light and His salvation. They were not afraid to hold 12:30 prayer meeting in their tents, and invited those in the meeting to attend. As I was walking up the steps to the barracks the Captain showed me the place where one dear lad, the night before, had dropped dead. He went to camp as others, this night he had marched in our procession, went in the barracks, testified to the peace he had in his soul, feeling rather faint he came out and was going down the stairs when the death angel put His hand upon him, and from that spot he went home to Heaven. This made a solemn impression upon those in camp, and will be the means of the conviction of many. God was praised by all kinds of people in the meeting. We had a blessed time.

Saturday and Sunday is to be spent at

ST. CATHARINS.

We go in the strength of God to this city to do our best for Him. "Fall in" for the march was shouted at 7:30, the soldiers mustered well, away we went singing, playing and shouting, arousing things all along. God looked upon our meeting inside, gave us His help and a promise to help us next day. Capt Bates took hold of the knee drill well, helping all present into faith for a good day. Our comrades all day made creditable appearance, and of course attracted considerable attention. The inside meetings also were good, God poured His spirit upon all saved, and brough the unsaved to think of their state. Our two days proceedings have terminated in a most satisfactory manner, and I believe the soldiers are going in to be a mighty moving power for good, and to help win St. Catharines for Jesus.

Monday we made another move in the direction of

PORT DALHOUSIE.

We arrive to find Capt. Savage and Cadet house-cleaning, making things look bright for our visit, also in high faith for good times, believing for lots of people, and their faith was honored. The little barracks was well filled, many of the St. Catharines soldiers were over they kept things live with their testimonies and happy faces. Many of our church friends were also present, and they enjoyed the spirit of liberty that was in the meeting. We brought this, another victorious time, to a close with a volley.

We were all astire at 6 o'clock the next morning to be off to

HAMILTON.

The city was all astir, crowds lined the streets in every direction. It was the Queen's jubilee day, and everybody was enjoying themselves in their way. Of course the Salvation Army was not behind. We marched with band to the front. Strong muster of soldiers led on by The Ministrel and Captain Langtry, who has for sometime fought in this city. The crowd inside was not very large, but fair considering all things, and a pleasant, pleasing, profitable time was spent. Many gave praise to our beloved Jesus, who we love, and praised God for saving them whereby they were made loyal subjects to her. The Professor spoke of the Queen's touching sympathy to her soldiers at the time of the Indian mutiny, when he, with others were wounded in the fight, the Queen came and read to them, cheering them up on their beds of sickness. Many prayers were offered for her, that long may she reign and that every year may bring greater blessing upon her and her people. This brought our intended tour to a close, with victory all round. We have had an extended route sent us, so we go marching on to conquer in His strength.

The Emigrant Scheme.

A Work in Quebec.

(LE CAPITAINE SIMCOE.)

Inward Bound. — Stranger's in a strange Land. — The Emigrant Mother.—The best Guide.—Early duty. — Redeeming the Time.— Amongst the laborers.— Our true mission. — Amenities of Saloon Society.

It would not be just to our kind friends, not to give them some idea of the interesting and useful work which has been keeping us busy for the last few weeks here at Quebec.

The English steamers come in some three or four per week, laden with their cargoes of living souls, destined one day to be the fathers and mothers of our Canadian homesteads. A new country may have charms, but there are very few, who, when first stepping foot on her soil, do not feel something of the pangs of lonliness and friendlessness when in a very literal sense, their father-land with its sacred ties of friendship and relation lie behind their back. Some from *choice*, it is true, but the greater number from *necessity*. Crowded out of the over peopled cities, no work, no money, no bread, can you imagine just such a crowd straining their eyes towards the shore and the country adopted as their own, scanning the little group awaiting them, with wistful eyes, longing to recognise somebody, yet expecting none.

But wait, what are those uniforms, and those S's., certainly something more than mere railway officials. Why, sure enough, it is the Salvation Army! often despised in the Old Country, yet, somehow, they look "home" now.

But the baggage has to be looked after, and amid the general rush and whirl of unloading we pause a few minutes, and then with our message of salvation, accost the poor mother surrounded with her six bairns looking somewhat disconsolate amidst a pell-mell of bags and bundles, "Would you like a "War Cry" to read in the train? I'll willingly give it you, you must be tired after your journey, and perhaps feel a little lonely, but remember your loving Father in Heaven has taken care of you up till now, and I'm sure He'll be your friend in the new country if you seek Him from the first."

And very soon we are deep in conversation with her, and find out that years ago she had made some profession of belonging to Jesus, but the cares and trials of the world had crept in like thorns and weeds choking the good seed. Tears well up in her eyes, as the spirit of God presses home each loving word, and heartfelt entreaty, to return to her Saviour's fold. On enquiry, to our joy we discover that such a one is bound for Toronto, and it is but the matter of a few minutes to direct her to the Temple Corps, and put her in possession of one of the "Emigration Brigade" cards which will serve as an introduction to the Captain. Why should not everyone who has been personally dealt with at Quebec Harbour, be followed up and lovingly cared for spiritually, by the officers to whom they are thus directed. This, my comrades, all over the battle-field, is your part of the Emigration scheme.

Nearly every emigrant that lands, at least from British soil, has already seen the Salvation Army, and there is a sort of link all round the world, which in a new country especially attracts one to old acquaintance. Let us make the most of it, to bring these people to God.

Captains Laing, Chapouand, and myself, were due at our post at five in the morning, it was raining hard, but we were there, though to our disappointment the steamer was delayed and did not come in till eleven thirty. We had taken our Bibles so it was not altogether waste of time, but more than that, the Lord had planned our work. Some 70 or 80 laborers were waiting their job like ourselves and skirmishes soon began. The greatest kindness and civilty was offered us by all, Captain Chapouand was soon surrounded by a group, and I heard her pouring forth some straight shots. Soon, however, a number of them assembled in the little waiting-room, and we were asked to go in and sing. Here was our chance; we went in, and not only sang, but spoke and prayed, and sought to point out the only life worth living for, a life of God service, They listened with wrapt attention and several afterwards expressed their pleasure and their gratitude.

One French gentlman of considerable position, told us, that he was very glad of the chance offered him of thus finding out by personal contact what the Salvation Army really is, for from hear-say, he had up to that time a very different opinion.

In dealing with the emigrants, I only received one unkind rebuff that day, and can you believe it, it was from a saloon passenger whom I had politely requested to accept a "War Cry."

Praise God for the chance of spreading salvation under all circumstances.

Consecration.

O blessed Lamb of Calvary,
I'm not my own,
Thy blood's the price that purchased me,
I'm thine alone.

So to myself I will not live,
No, never more;
My time, my strength, to Thee I give,
'Twas Thine before.

O, let me only Jesus know,
His law fulfil;
My highest happiness below,
Be in His will.

Capt. Parisutham, (Kittie Wood.)
Moratuwa, Ceylon.

BOTH SIDES.

"The Salvation Army is nothing but a lot of roughs and vagabonds!" So said a poor sin-bound soul the other day with a sneer. I talked to him, but he cursed and swore, and said he should never go to the Salvation Army, and never want them to pray for him. Like many a one, he went revelling in sin and wickedness, having his own way.

Just watch that soul! He sticks to his sin and evil compenions, but the time comes—sickness stops him on his downward course—he is laid aside. The doctor comes, looks at him. "Ah, there is very litle hope says the doctor, "You had better get ready for another world!" His soul quakes; fear lays hold of him he is afraid of being damned; he says, "Fetch some one to pray with me!" Someone comes and talks to him.

"Ah!" he says, "there's very little hope for me to be saved."

The minister prays for him, but the man says, "I am lost!—dying without hope, without God!" and He passes into eternity.

Follow him! He goes up to God's bar unsaved. The books are opened; his name is not to be found. Grace refused! mercy rejected! Salvation neglected! "No angel's welcome to heaven," but an angel's welcome to hell — demons drag his soul to hell, and the fire wrapts round his soul, and he awakens to the awful fact he's damned!

Try to realise it and feel it. Don't flinch! Where are you going? Let your conscience answer honestly! Amen.

The more we exercise our hearts in faith, the more God will work in us.

ALL ROUND

A sister in the city a few days ago, received amongst other change a $10 gold piece in mistake for a cent. After she had discovered it she returned to the astonished store-keeper, saying had she not known where she had got it, her husband would have given it to God's work in the S.A. "Well," said he "I'm glad it got into good hands anyhow, and I had better give God some of it. Here is a dollar, it seems there is some good in that Salvation Army after all."

I saw in a soldier's house the other day a pipe and a part of a plug of tobacco hanging on the wall, and underneath a motto, "What would Jesus do." It struck me that this was about the right way to look at the tobacco question.—Think it out.

The Brigade system is doing wonderful work these hot evenings in every corps where it has been adopted. A Guelph paper says.—"The Salvation Army are making a strong assault on the city at present. One detachment last night held forth on Essex street, another near the lime kiln in St. Patricks ward, and the usual service was held by the main body on the Market Square and in the barracks. A third detachment intend to open out near the Eramosa bridge to-morrow night."

Dr. Wilson at the Temple the other night, gave three reasons for believing in and helping the S.A. 1st. For what it had done for himself. 2nd. For what it had done for other individuals within his knowledge. 3rd. For what it had done for the churches of every denomination. I guess if anyone knows, the Dr. does, and his testimony is unassailable.

At one of our country stations one sister said it was the happiest time in her life. She had a brother who was opposed to the Army, and left home because the other members of the family joined it. He has since been converted in the Wesleyan Church in S——, and received the blessing of sanctification in the Salvation Army, and is now sorry for what he said, and wishes he was back home to join the others.

On a recent occasion one of our soldiers got up a little before breakfast on Sunday and asked "Where is Elsie? 'At knee drill,'" was the reply; "she didn't want to miss it, so went by herself." The little one is ten years old, and we hope the father profited by the example thus set.

A comrade said on Sunday, "Though I have not been here for a long time, I am glad to be here this morning, through reading that song in the "War Cry" named "Meet me at knee-drill," and the Lord has blessed me abundantly. Wake up you sleepy soldiors, and meet at knee-drill.

A paper says.—"Some of the G—— unregenerate have been regenerated by the Army." We don't doubt it for an instant, except that it is God working through and by the Army.

Baby-buggies with a baby in them are becoming frequent on the march. This is just what it should be, we know of no better way of taking the air for yourself or the olive branches than marching with the Salvation Army.

We heard an old lady say once, and it was a solid testimony, "Why before the Army came I could hardly walk to church, but now I can march every night, and sing all the way, and at our last Hallelujah funeral I marched to the cemetery and back (2¼ miles), and would have marched again at night but it was holiness meeting." Yes, it's good for body and soul.

A convert from Maxville has settled at Apple-Hill, the Army is not located there, so the convert thought the best way to get them was to provide a home in advance. He has sent the deed of a lot to Headquarters, and undertakes to get a barracks put up at once. Let every-one who is clamouring for the Army "to come" go to work on the same lines, and it will be sure to "fetch 'em."

SAINT MONDAY.

A VOICE FROM A SHOEMAKER'S BENCH.

"Oh, no, you are not hindering me; this is 'Saint Monday,' shoemakers' holiday, the day of all others that I used to get most cursing, drinking and swearing into, before the Lord took pity on me and saved my soul."

The speaker was a man of from twenty-five to thirty years of age, with a dark full eye and a broad muscular frame. He had a tool in his hand and wore a leather apron turned up cornerways. He had just left his shoemaker's bench for the cheerful little kitchen which formed part of his house. We were soon in conversation and he told me his history.

"THE SHOEMAKER'S STORY."

"I never want to forget what I once was," he said "in case I should forget His mercy and forget that there are hundreds of others on the road that I have left. When God saved me I was a ragged miserable drunkard, lost to all that was good and right and true, and so sunk in my wickedness that nothing on earth had power to turn me from it. I was often so wretched because of my life of sin, that I wanted to commit suicide. Many a time I have stood on the canal bank, or the bridge over a river, and tried to take the leap into the dark, but I could not, for, ah—it wasn't all dark! At the very moment when I was about to take the fatal jump that I thought would end all, hell would rise up from the water and the bottomless pit itself would stand gaping ready for me. It was not the muggy river, nor the dark canal that I feared, it was something beyond them. I hated my life. I despised myself. I hated everything and everybody around me, but I was forced to live because I had a soul, and knew and felt that

that would go on living, whether my body was alive or not."

IN PRISON.

"I once met with God—really met with Him—and promised Him earnestly to lead a different life. It was when I was in prison, at about twenty years of age. I had never before passed the iron gates and the stone walls, and this new experience made me think of the road I was running in. On my knees in my cell I met God and promised Him if He brought me out, to live for Him and leave my sinful life. Oh, if there had been someone to take me by the hand then, I might have been stopped on my downward course! But when I came out about twenty old pals were waiting for me at the prison gates. All thoughts of God and goodness left me, and I went with them to the public house and drank until I hadn't a penny in my pocket or a coat on my back. Ah! I've paid dear with years of misery for that day's work, and my broken vow has nearly brought me to the grave of a drunken suicide.

"One day, soon after this, I went up to see my present wife, who has always been a respectable steady girl. She was sorry to see me in such a deplorable condition, but she did not give me up. Soon after we got married, I treated her badly—shamefully, but she was a good wife to me. I never considered her; I used to drink all my money away in the public house, then come home and create a disturbance, smashing the furniture and striking and abusing her. Often when she has heard me coming rolling into the passage, she has pulled off her shoes so that I should not hear her and run out at the back way, then climbed the wall and got into the neigbors' houses for shelter from my violence."

THE DEVIL'S TRAP.

"Did I never try to do better, did you say? Yes! I often tried, but I had no command over myself; I had lost all self-restraint. I had gone on in drink and sin till the devil was my master. I signed the pledge at least fifty times, but I could not pass the public house doors. I tried hard to keep from the drink. I joined teetotalers' societies, have even been in office, and more than once have taken in new members, when I myself was half drunk. I could not resist; something seemed to be pushing me on. I was sinking lower and lower, getting worse every way, losing all respect for myself, gaming, fighting, drinking, and getting more of the brute beast in my nature every day, every month and every year.

"God knows I tried to stop. Tried to put the brakes on. Often after a drinking bout I would come down stairs sober and miserable, and find my wife gone, the house empty, the furniture broken; then I would sit in a chair and look at my life and be ready to kill myself if I only dared. I would vow to change my course and would make good resolutions; I would even weep and beat my hands together to think of the wretch I was. Then I would go out, walk down the street, and the first thing that would meet my eyes would be a public house sign. It was no good. I couldn't pass it, the devil's chain that was dragging me into damnation was round me like a vice. I must slink inside. Ah, the sparkling liquor! the burning exhilarating spirit!—toss it down! Away with dull care! away with miserable reflection! I was a man again, I had courage to curse and swear, and was high in the devil's stirrups. Damnation or no damnation, give me the jolly glass, and I would be happy in hell itself!"

THE MURDER ON THE QUAY.

"One of my companions who had rolled half the way home with me one night, was met after we parted by a foreign sailor. A drunken brawl ensued, and my mate was left dead on the quay with a stab in his chest from the foreigner's knife.

"I went to see him as he laid in his coffin; I looked at the stab and at his distorted features, but I was devil-hardened. The dreadful sight took very little effect on me. I soon drank it down. At last my wife went to the Salvation Army, and said she got saved. At first I laughed and swore at her, and then I said she shouldn't go; she said—"if you go to the public house, then I shall go to the Salvation Army." Then I stopped indoors to prevent her going; and one night I said to her, "I'm going to the theatre; will you come? I have arranged with so and so (naming a mate of mine) and his wife is coming too, so you must come to make up the party." We often used to go to theatres to enjoy ourselves, and this was a great temptation to her. She has told me since that she said to herself, "If I go to the theatre it will be all up between me and Jesus; if I go to the Army it won't," so she wouldn't go and I went alone.

A NEW LIFE.

"After that she used to come into the public-house after me with the Salvation Song Book in her hand, and say 'Come on, Jim, I'm going to the Army.' I was ashamed before my pals and a bit curious to see what the Army was like; so I made up my mind to go with her from home, I went, and there got the first heart-thrust that ended in my salvation. I remember well the night I came out to the penitent form, the meeting had been a very solemn one. Oh, how it made me feel! I was trembling and sweating all over; I seemed to stand before the bar of God either to be damned or to have a new life given me. I thought the devil on one side was trying to drag me to hell, and the Saviour on the other was waiting to put all my evil past away and to start me afresh with a new heart—a new life.

As the soldiers sang—

'Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come.'

a companion of mine, a drunkard, got up out of a seat in front of me and fell down at the penitent-form like a log. My wife was crying at my side. She said, 'Jim, there's a manly act! Why don't you go to Jesus—that's real courage.' I fidgeted from one seat to another, my wife followed me, praying for me. Somebody came and put a hand on my shoulder and asked me if I was saved, I said 'No,' and immediately walked out to the form. I not only went to the penitent-form, I went to God; I went determined to give up everything; I told God all about it; I wept and prayed before Him and trusted Him to save me. I went back to my seat; my wife trembled, and I could see by her timid look that she was wondering if it was all right; but I prayed with her when we got home and she was comforted.

"The next day I went to the factory, and if I did not know for certainty that the Lord had done a work in my soul the night before I knew it now. For this reason I walked past all the public-houses on the road with perfect ease, which, in spite of all my good resolutions, I had never been able to do in my life before. At last I got near one that I felt more dangerous than the rest. I thought possibly it might tempt me, so I turned down a back street and went ten minutes out of my way to avoid it. As I did so I heard the bells of Heaven ringing in my soul. I avoided that particular public two or three times in this way, and never since have I found it in the least difficult to pass any. God has indeed broken the devil's chain and I am a free man."

THE PUBLICAN'S CUP OF TEA.

"I owed a score at one of my old favorite haunts, and on the Monday morning I went to pay it. The landlord

said to me, 'What's become of you lately, Jim? we haven't had much of your company. I said, 'No, I've got saved, and joined the Salvation Army.' 'Well, come in and have a cup of tea with us.' 'Thank you all the same, mate,' I saye, 'I have had enough of your tea this side of the grave.'

"I worked with a rough, blaspheming lot of men, and I had been the roughest of them all—their leader in drunken sprees. The first day I kept quiet, but I couldn't the second. I told a young man who was converted, and belonged to a religious society, what God had done for me. He didn't believe that I was saved, I had been such a bad un; but when he saw the change in my life he praised God, while the tears ran out of his eyes. One day in the dinner-hour I got up and told my mates of my conversion, and urged them to turn to Christ. Over half a dozen of them are now standing by my side. One of the most desperate among them was a infidel, and had tried to make me one, but God has changed him now as much as He has changed me.

"The devil's chain is broken and no mistake. Me and my wife are as happy together as two children. Instead of two rooms with scarce anything in them we have got a six-roomed house with plenty of good furniture. There's some relics of the past—broken chairs and things in the cellar now if you like to see them. But, better than a happy home, we have got happiness in our hearts. Jesus lives there, and He gives us the peace that flows like a river."

AN OLD MATE ON TRAMP.

"I met an old mate the other day in the street. He'd two bits of children with him, and he told me his wife and a younger child was 'away' for a month or so. I knew what he meant, just when she wanted her home most the poor woman had only the work-house to go to. Him and the two little 'uns were almost in rags, and he smelt of drink and looked as wretched as a man could. The devil's chain was round him like it was once round me, and like it's round many more. I gave the little 'uns something to eat, and took him to the meeting. He wept and cried, but didn't give up then. However, I'm praying for him. There is only One who can set him free, and that's the Lion of Judah, the Lamb of God. For my part I know that salvation's real, and I know that I got it the night I came to God when they were singing—

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!'"

I afterwards had a talk with the shoemaker's wife, and it was clear that something made her very happy as well as her husband. It was difficult to tell which praised God the most.

The Saved Gipsy, a Queen Among Her Tribe.

A very large audience was attracted to the Salvation Army barracks, Chatham, N. B., by the announcement in the town through the day that the Gipsy wife of a tribe now encamped near the town, would address the meeting. This redeemed child of the forest did so, and with such effect that the large audience was as still as death during her wonderful recital of what God, through the Salvation Army, had done for her. She spoke for nearly half an hour in a clear musical voice, and never was at a loss for words. She said if any person had told her twelve months ago that she would speak at a meeting of the Salvation Army she would have thought it impossible, but praise God I am here and testifying for Him, bless His holy name, who has taught even me and my husband, depressed Gipsies wandering over the earth, to love and praise His name. For twelve long years we have wandered from place to place, in the whole of that time, even when my dear child was accidently burned to death, but twice was I spoken to by Christian people about my soul, yet I felt and often thought that even a Gipsy mother had a soul to be saved. I sometimes wished for Christian sympathy but none offered it to the wandering tribe. For twelve years my people were never in a place of worship or heard of our Saviour's love. We have now six of the people with us here. My husband is here on the platform and will speak to you of his conversion, but is not so fluent of speech as I am, but God be praised, he has followed in my footsteps. I was converted through the Salvation Army, they received me with open arms, I saw that they were the people for us wandering Gipsies who have no home, get very little sympathy from fashionable churches, yet we have souls to be saved. Praise almighty God for ever, my soul is saved, my husband's soul is saved, and like true Salvationists we are going to work among our wandering companions until we save them. We have had no happiness on earth until the last twelve months, and now we sing and praise God in our camp. Are there any of this audience unsaved, are there any in their sins, are there any that reject a Saviour's love, I beg of you, I pray of you, I implore you to give your hearts to that lovely Saviour who has saved a wanderer and her husband."

After she had sat down in an apparently meditative mood her husband spoke. He said he had, by the influence of his wife, also given his heart to God. He had no reason but to be glad for the change; his wife's influence, and his had been of benefit to his whole people. There would be soon a camp of wanderers, he hoped, all of which would love God. Taking them altogether they are the most wonderful evidence of the value of the work of the Army. May God prosper the Army. They are doing an immense amount of good down here by the sea. A great change has taken place in Chatham, the greatest opponent of the Army acknowledges this. Many they go on and prosper.

Almost lost! But Saved.

The following is the testimony of a man who came to the S.A., penitent-form in an Eastern town recently, and goes a long way towards proving that there should be a place in every town open every day and night, where people may go and find help and salvation.

"I am a stranger to all of you, and though I have long been a stranger to God, I have found Him, and been reconciled to-night. I have been a sporting man and have led a fast life, horse-racing, gambling, and drinking, were my chief besetments. I have been steadily drinking now the greater part of five weeks, and have not seen home for some time. I have seen in my imaginations two small tumblers placed before me, one filled with water the other with whiskey, and heard something saying "take the water and heaven" and another voice saying "Take the whiskey and hell,' and I

I HAVE TAKEN THE WHISKEY AND HELL.

I was near the "blues" to-night, and was so melancholy that I started down towards the river resolved to drown myself, when I met a man, and asked him, just by way of excuse, if there was any place of amusement for an hour or two, the burden was so heavy on my mind. He answered that there was nothing but the Salvation Army, and brought me to the door. Although perhaps he would not come inside the door himself I have come in and got saved I feel that God has brought me here in answer to the prayers of a good christian wife. She is a soldier in the M—— Corps, and has long prayed for me, but I scorned the idea of ever becoming a christian, but I am now a new man. I have had a good education, but that did not save me. I know a good deal about God and the Bible, but that did not save me. But now I have come to Jesus and He has saved me, and by His help I will keep true.

Wives and mothers pray on,
Officers and soldiers fight on,
Christian workers toil on,
Till the sinners are saved,
And the saved are called home to rest.

"Franco."

Is There Any Pride In It?

She had a bonnet and a tasty uniform dress and a shield, all proper. But some lace four inches wide on her collar, a lot more on her wrists, kid gloves, and a showy silk handkerchief peeping out, all showed where her heart was. "Only little things," she would tell us, but, if so, why not leave them off? Besides, it is these little things that show the devil's claw-marks. And when an unsaved girl sees how fashionable even Salvationists can dress, she gets behind it for greater display; she will be at even greater expense to keep up appearance, until at last she, as many another has done before her, lends herself to a life of shame so that she may dress well. Ask yourself, my sister, whether you do these things to the glory of God or for personal vanity. Remember that what is called neatness is very often pride. Your display will lessen your influence both with the people and with your comrades. You may say that you are not your own, and that nothing hides God from your eyes, but the unsaved have not learned charity, and, therefore, will judge you by your actions. God bless you! Leave off the garments spotted by the flesh; come out from among the ungodly, and be separate; be no longer conformed to this world, but be ye transformed in everything—in your dress, in your speech, in your company, in fact in your every thought, word and action. Amen.

Capt. H. S.

You are never ready for service, never ready to enter the field with free hands and soul unencumbered till you have got rid of all your bad habits. Make haste, comrade! soldier! Christian! the world is perishing for your aid, and you cannot come to its rescue till there is peace within your own borders. While there are bad habits yet to be destroyed, and good habits yet to be formed within you, the world is waiting for her Saviour.

P. B.

It is not the number and greatness of our sins which causes our misery—but the not taking them to the destroyer of sin, so as to make room for Him in our hearts.

With a new heart all self-interest is gone. We no longer ask, "Are we kindly treated?" "Are we hardly used?" "Are we neglected?" All that belongs to the old nature.

Those North-West soldiers are the real stuff. At Brandon they were without officers for some days, but they fought on and won all the time. At Neepawa on Jubilee day, there were no officers, but the soldiers put in their best licks and captured 27 souls; the two first converts led the meetings. That is better than a jangle between the Secretary and the Sergt. Major, as to who is in charge.

The Major in the Yarmouth district has "run away" and he has broken two of a Cadets ribs. Perhaps we had better say that "Major" is the Adjutant's horse, for the devil has often made capital out of a like circumstance. Anyhow don't forget to pray for the Cadet.

Dr. Wild preaching the other Sunday on the Anti-Poverty Society, which Mr. George and Dr. McGlyn are endeavour-to establish, admits his inability to see the necessity of such an organization. He believes that the best remedy for the poor in this world's goods is to make them rich in faith, and that where there is Godliness there will be thrift and prosperity. He instances the Salvation Army as a model anti-poverty society, it having been the means under God, of transforming thousands of loafers, bummers, gamblers, and thieves, into decent well to do citizens. He also inferred that when the S.A., receives the help it deserves, it will altogether obviate the need of such schemes as the one referred to. We need hardly say that we cordially agree with this last utterance of the respected oracle of Bond Street.

WAR NOTES

Still we tell of cooling waters,
From the Cross a mighty stream,
Tell to every thirsting nation
Jesus died all to redeem.

Waterville in the Yarmouth and Brighton-Peterboro Divisions were opened successfully on the 3rd July.

The Yarmouth War Chariot is a tremendous affair, what with the inscriptions, "The World for God" on the dashboard; "Blood and Fire" on the back; "Come to Jesus" on the back of the seat; "Prepare to meet God" on one side of the box; "Yarmouth Division War Chariot" on the other, the "Major" in the shafts and "Shining Willie" holding the lines, surely it is calculated to wake up the saints and scare the devil wherever and whenever it appears. Go in Yarmouth, advertisement is the life of the War as well as trade.

These things will occur in other countries too. We note the marriage in France of Major Percy Clibborn to Staff-Capt Blanch Young of the Paris Training Home. Also that of Miss Elizabeth Smith, "E. R. S." of "All the World," to the late Rev. S. L. Brengle of Boston, U. S. A., now a Cadet in training in England.

The Commissioner with the Torpedo Artillery had some great times in the Hamilton Division last week.

A difficulty has been obviated with regard to the Indian uniform. Seeing that our comrades there wear no clothing on the shoulders, it was a matter that required some consideration, how they should show their colors, but like everything else has come to a solution. Our comrades now wear three stripes of red, yellow and blue paint on their foreheads in imitation of the "Caste" marks of the Brahmins, and so show on what side they belong. The appearance of Commissioner Tucker so adorned in England, has caused the devil to howl at an extraordinary rate, and if possible to lie worse than ever.

They tell me that Palmerston Division is to be the scene of the first of the coming trio of staff marriages, of course I am not permitted to say who are the parties, but no doubt the Adjutant will know something about it.—Ask him.

Reports from British Columbia are very encouraging, and a wonderful work may be confidently anticipated there.

Two very sad events call for the sympathy and prayers of all comrades. During the past week Cadet Graham, out from Stirling, now of Hamilton, has received the intelligence of the death of her father from accident. Almost at the same time Lieut Carmichael, of Dunnville, out from Spring Hill Mines, received a telegram that his brother had been suddenly killed. I am sure all hearts will go out to, and up to the Throne for our comrades and their families in their sorrow and distress. Watch ye therefore, for in such an hour as ye think not the Master cometh to take account of your stewardship.

War Scribe.

HOLINESS

What Doth Hinder?

BY E. R. S.

"Ye cannot serve God and mammon."—Matthew vi. 24.

"Riches profit not in the day of wrath: but righteousness delivereth from death."—Proverbs xi. 4.

"I was just turned fifteen, when I came to the city and went into the tobacco business with my uncle. Of course, I never thought of there being any harm in it, and it was a good, money-making business; we didn't have to think twice when the offer came, before accepting.

"I had always had good Methodist training, but wasn't converted till the great revival of '59. It took me eight months to get saved! People thought because I prayed and read and wept that I was all right, but for the whole of that eight monts I was holding on to some worldly companions whom God demanded I should give up, and of course I couldn't get any peace till I did. At last I gave in, and after a bit, a flood of light came into my soul, and then I had six months of joy.

"We had a very good minister, and he set some of us young fellows at work right away. We used to meet to pray all together before the meetings, and then a dozen of us would go out in pairs while the rest stayed praying, and lay hold of soldiers, sailors and policemen, and bring them in. We got sixty or seventy of a night sometimes.

"I got on after that, to where more duty presented itself, more light came, and I wouldn't follow it. I got into business for myself, and among new companions, and my spirit declined. I looked more to the world and to business, and heart-backsliding set in.

"It was easy to get engrossed in business. I had little capital and much worry. As to the interior life, I was in an up and down state; when there was a revival on, and it was a good season for religion, I felt good, and in the off season I didn't. I was conscious that I wasn't wholehearted, and there was an awful pressure on me to be so. But I would reserve something from God. I wanted religion cheap.

"For the exterior life, I bore a more than ordinary character as a Christian. I was a Sabbath school teacher and class leader, was always present at the meetings, and very punctual, and proud of it. But I'd generally hide behind a post in the prayer meeting lest I should be called on to pray.

"I did fairly well in business for six years, and then married; that didn't make me think any less of the affairs of this world, and getting on. But after a time my wife was dangerously ill, and given up to die by the doctors; that brought me face to face with God, and I gave myself unreservedly to Him.

"He sent new light to me then, through the minister we had, who began to preach against the use and sale of tobacco. I began to have little doubts, but would brush them aside, and sing hearty, and pray hearty, instead of listening to them.

"That lasted for eight or nine years! God didn't speak loudly, and I shut my ears to the still, small voice. I felt always as if, somehow, God was displeased with me, and as if, when I wanted to go forward something held me back.

"I argued the matter all the while with myself. I wasn't a strong man, and had a wife and child to support, and didn't see why God should want me to give up my business. Then I went to the minister and complained. 'You seem to think God is a hard taskmaster,' he said.

"And that was about it. I found fault with God for the state of mind I was in, consequent upon my keeping back something from Him. I thought I was very good, and why was life so hard? For, of course, I couldn't have real, solid peace, at that rate.

"Then I tried a compromise,—went into the rope and twine business, and carried it on alongside of the other, hoping that would prosper, and I could walk out of the tobacco business entirely, and into that, losing nothing. But it didn't; it failed, and then I began smoothing things over, and saying God didn't want me out of my old business, else He'd open a way, and that sort of talk.

"And now, my uncle died without a will, and two of my relations asked me to take up his business in partnership with them. That looked like the high road to worldly fortune, my friends flattered me it would be, and so it proved. We went into it, the concern floated, and now I was so taken up with financing and getting it on a solid footing, that I hadn't much time to think. I had the sanction of every Christian friend who spoke about it; they thought I should draw my partners to the Lord, and into the church, and so much good would come out of it. But I wasn't likely to do other people's souls good when my own was suffering.

"The gnawing at my conscience still went on. Financing couldn't keep the voice of God quiet, and after two or three years, the doubt as to whether I ought to stay in that business at all became a terrific burden. I wanted to prove that I was right,—not to give in if I was wrong—and went about from minister to minister to talk about it, and try to get some backing up. Then I bought a book written by some medical man in favor of tobacco, and meant to compile a treatise to support my position.

"But on the other hand, I used to see young lads coming in clandestinely to the shop to buy tobacco, and that went to my heart. If it's right, I thought, why do they have to do it secretly, and why are so many Christian parents down on it? There wasn't anything in the book to answer that question!

"Again, I never saw an earnest bright Christian using tobacco. Not one. That told against the habit a good deal. And wherever I saw one of my Sunday-school scholars, or class members smoking, it went to my heart like a dagger, for I knew they had declined from the love of Jesus. I always found they had fallen away more or less. I never knew a single exception.

"I wanted to join a total abstinence society, to set an example to my scholars, but couldn't, because the pledge contained a clause against tobacco, and I knew that selling it was as bad as using it.

"I didn't try to reason the thing out, but I had come to feel that God wanted me out of that business. I saw, then, that people wasted money on it, and that using it led one to bad associations. I see, now, that the use of it injures a man's own body and the health of his posterity. A sanctified man can't smoke, because he would put tobacco in the place of the Holy Ghost. If a smoker wants comfort for mind or body, instead of going to God, he takes a pipe!

"At last I felt that my influence on the boys in the church was not good—the example of selling tobacco nullified what I said to them. I had no liberty, felt that I was a damage to the church, and meant to leave it.

"I went to the minister, and he wouldn't hear of my leaving. 'Can't you serve God in your business?' he asked. 'It seems an honorable one. The fact that you don't use it yourself shows your disapproval sufficiently!'

"Then I went to my class-leader, but he didn't help me; said he could see no wrong in the business. All my friends thought me mad to so much as think of giving it up. They said I'd been so many years in the business, it was like throwing away my bread and butter. Every one that spoke to me only led me deeper into the fog, till at last I went to our Superintendent Minister, and he told me, 'This is a matter between you and God, and no man can help you. Go to Him.'

"No one but God knows the state I was in now. The devil showed me plainly my weakness in body; my wife's delicate health; the length of time I'd been in my business; the difficulty I'd have to get into any other, and now nine-tenths of my friends in the church and out, were dead against my making the move. Then, too, we had moved into a pretty, comfortable house, and my wife was in real comfort for the first time, and beyond the fear of poverty. We both had pride, and all my life I had worked to this end; and now, as soon as I had attained it, I must give up everything!

"My wife fought the battle out secretly, and conquered; and at last, one night, came the time when I had to shut her out, and be alone with God, and definitely tell Him that I would surrender all to Him, and go out of the business when He told me.

"I said, 'Lord, if I had all the world, I can't stand this.' Then I put everything down before Him separately. 'Here's my wife, here's my child, here's my business, here's my money, time, influence, reputation, my life, my soul, my all, henceforward to be a living sacrifice. I'm willing to go to the poorhouse, but I must have Jesus!'

"That was three years ago. Ever regretted since? Oh, glory to God, no!

"My wife was ready, and with me in heart, but no other human soul can enter into the depths of such a transaction* with God. He had prospered me for some years, and He could take care of me now.' The terms of my partnership wouldn't allow me to sell my interest, but God knew all that. When the big battle was won, the small ones were easy, and I got out of my business without further pangs. The devil tempted me in many ways, for one, suggesting, 'If your capital goes, what'll you do then?' But I looked straight away to God, and said, 'Lord, if You want it, You shall have it.'

"After that wonderful deliverance I went into the love feast for almost the first time. I'd always spoken as if in a strait-jacket what few times I spoke at all, but now I made the building ring! I told them I'd given over everything to God, and was to-night what I hadn't been for all those years—a free man. Then I could speak in class. I didn't have a dull testimony after that.

"It came out after a bit that I'd given up my business, and it hurt many. One of my class members was travelling for a whiskey house, and another was in the tea and wine business. The first one has since given up his connection with the whiskey business, and gone into the tea trade, and he blesses God now for my testimony.

"Our congregation is an awfully prim and orderly one, and I used to be as quiet as any of them. But now, when a truth from the pulpit touches me, I shout out. The youngsters laugh, and some of the people wriggle, but a few are getting to help me. One grand proof that I did right was, that since I gave up my business God has used me in the salvation of souls—before that He never used me for a single one.

"I got a definite something in my heart and soul when I gave up my all to God, but I didn't know what to call it till last June, twelvemonth. Then, I set my heart on spending my holiday with the Army at a Holiness Convention, and went there. I found out then that the name for the new spiritual life God had given me was—holiness.

"I told my brothren, in a meeting one night, that in my old justified state I had done damage to the church. I had a character as a Christian worker, and yet where were the souls God expected me to win for Him? I did work, but He didn't acknowledge or crown my labor till I became wholly His. I had no right, no man has a right, to hinder the cause of God by a half-Christianity."

Christ, Our Friend.

BY METHODIST MIRIAM.

The commemoration of His death, who died for us, brings afresh before the world the story of Christ and His cross. Oh, the love that led to that cruel death! Truly, "We have no other such a friend or brother." He saw our condition, He knew the demands of Justice—"without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sins." He knew all the loss and suffering entailed in carrying out the great scheme of redemption; but the blood of beasts could no longer atone for the guilt of a lost world, and in the matchless love and boundless mercy of a God, He resolved to become our ransom.

Made perfect through suffering was our Christ, enduring hardships, being tempted in all points, like as we are, being subjected to every assault of the enemy that the world might know that He had borne its griefs and carried its sorrows. Christ the child was not the Christ He became in later years when the waters of a full cup were wrung out to Him, and he passed through the darkness and solitude of Gethsemane, and later, in that awful hour when He bore in His own body on the tree the concentrated agony of a world's woe. All the pure life, all its holy teachings could not accomplish the object for which Christ came—the purchase of eternal life. The life was incomplete without the death—the demand for *shed blood* had not been met, but we know that He did not shrink from paying the full price. Forsaken and alone He went forth to cope with the last enemy, Death. Three days were his followers left to watch for His appearing as the fulfilment of their hopes. Then he rose from the grave victorious over death and hell. The price was paid. The crucified Christ becomes the glorified Saviour. No longer could the disiples doubt His power upon earth to forgive sin; no longer, as he farewelled to them, could they doubt his promise to be to them a comforter, a friend, an almighty deliverer.

And all those precious promises, made so long ago, are ours to-day, for have we not been brought nigh by the blood, even into the presence of the King. Through His death and resurrection we have been made free. Have we not found Christ a true friend?

"Other friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us.
Oh, how He loves."

Plautonic friendships are often lightly broken, and were it not for these frequently broken ties, by reason of which our eyes are opened to the fallible natures of human friendships in general, it is quite possible that the retention of these social relations might be at the expense of spiritual growth. As it is, however, we turn to the unchanging constancy of our Redeemer, and learn by personal, practical, living proof that the friend Christ is no theoretical myth, but a comforting reality - a real burden-bearer, a real Saviour upon whom all our care may be cast. And with Him upon our side, into whose hands we have committed ourselves, body, soul, and spirit, we can look up into the face of circumstances ("peculiar circumstances" though they may be), circumstances that threaten to wreck our temporal happiness, and say, "All is well, I know in whom I have believed, and my confidence in Him is firm.

May the Lord of glory, the Lord of power, inspire us with still greater trust, and baptise us with a greater power to do whatsoever we do heartily as unto Him.

MEN, in their unconverted state, can range over the whole world for objects and plans. Shall they not then, when converted, do the same for the Lord's business? Yet, how rarely is this the case.

THE DEVIL.

HIS CHARACTER AND WORK.

BY O. T. P.

"No, it's useless for you to talk to me as I don't believe in the existance of a devil!" was the ejaculation of an aged sceptic, as we were trying to impress him with eternal realities. "We are all a part of God, and in the end we shall all be absorbed into God again," he continued.

"Sir, allow me one question—you believe in God as a holy Almighty, and pure Being do you not?"

"Certainly."

"And you will admit that nothing bad or impure can or does proceed from Him, and consequently He can never receive anything evil in His Being?"

"Just so!"

"Well then, can you tell me where all the sin, and wickedness, and evil, that now reigns in the heart of man, has come from? It certainly has not proceeded from God, and therefore must be the influence of some being directly opposite in nature to God."

The twinkle in the old man's eye passed away, a troubled look stole over his visage, and he quickly changed the subject.

Now, let us look at Adam and Eve when first created and placed in the garden of Eden. They were made in the image of God, pure and without sin, they knew not what sin was before their fall, nor had they felt the power of evil. They were commanded not to touch the fruit of a certain tree, but Eve was tempted by some influence to disobey God. Now being originally without sin she could not of herself conceive an evil thought, and it is absurd to suppose that after God had thus created her that He would prompt her to disobey His own laws. Adam was as pure and undefiled as Eve, and as there was no other people on the face of the earth to tempt or influence them what other resort have we than simply to believe what the word of God says. "She was tempted by the serpent," which is the devil.

Every rational man and woman in existance must admit that this world is made up of the good and evil, and nowhere is it more plainly to be seen than in human nature. Since everything that is good and pure comes from God, so everything that is evil and impure must come from that being whose nature and work is to oppose God.

Man is only a medium in the world, and as in the case of our first parents, all that was good and impure being imparted to them by God, the temptation and sin of disobedience, is the work of the devil, so it has been ever since, and is to-day. Therefore without the assistance of God, we can do nothing good, and without the co-operation of the devil we can do nothing evil, as the devil is the first and only source of evil in existance. Take all the good and all the evil away from a man, and there is nothing left. It is impossible for anything to be good and bad at the same time, therefore man is either one or the other. If he is not a man of God, he must be a man of the devil, if he obeys not God, he must yield to the Serpent.

The word "devil" comes from the Greek Diavolos, an accuser or an adversary. "He accuseth us before God day and night," (Rev. 12. 9-10.) Peter in his epistle warned his people to beware of him. "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about seeketh whom he may devour." (1 Peter v. 8.)

His work is to oppose the kingdom of God, to demoralize the human race and rob man of the blessed privileges and happiness which God has extended to him, both in this world and the world to come. It is his hellish delight to drag a soul down into darkness and despair, his vexation and torment to see a soul regenerated and restored to the image of God.

He leaves no stone unturned to accomplish his infernal mission. I heard General Booth say in a Council at the International Congress. There is one thing in the devil I do admire, that is, he is a good worker, I'll give him credit that!

He tries by a thousand different ways to attract the mind of the christian, plants innumerable snares, devises countless schemes, to allure and upset the traveller to eternity. He bribes some with wealth and honor, others he offers pleasure and satisfaction. How often he comes as an angel of light to the unwary soul, whispering with deadly effect "There's no harm in this, and there's no harm in that." He even came to the Lord Jesus Christ, and tempted Him for forty days in the wilderness, and then at the finish led Him up into the tower and wanted Him to cast Himself to the ground, assuring Him that the angels would see that He got to the bottom all right! Methinks that was the grandest victory heaven ever had, and the most disastrous defeat of hell and its legions, achieved through the blessed Son of God, who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.

Jesus, during His soujourn here, had one constant battle against the demon. He was continually casting out devils, rebuking evil spirits, and at almost every turn in His life meeting in some form or other the prince of darkness. But that was just his mission, "For He was made manifest to destroy the works of the devil in the flesh." The work of the devil in the flesh is sin. "He that committeth sin is of the devil," and it was sin that Jesus Christ came to destroy, and by His death on the Cross provided a way whereby we might escape the punishment of sin.

It seems to me that no class of people on the face of the earth are so firmly in the devils clutches, as those who do not believe in his existance. These are the people who have been ensnared in the trap of deception, and it is to be hoped they will all see their mistake before too late.

A well known writer says, "Though some men have attempted to annihilate the name of the adversary, his existance is too much identified with divinely revealed truths, scenes and objects, for their purpose to succeed. Besides they must have had help from the adversary, or they never could have devised such a design, which settles the question against them."

Young man, beware of such infernal doctrines, remember that the greatest infidels, atheists, and sceptics that ever lived have died without hope, alas! only too late to discover the mistakes of their lives.

Voltaire addressing his doctor said, "I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six month's life. The doctor answered "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied "Then I shall go to hell and you will go with me," and soon after expired.

Gibbon just before his death said, "All is dark and doubtful."

Tom Payne, died in the terrors of the awful delusion which he had propagated.

Sinner, the only way to resist the devil is to accept Christ.

Christian, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

The Silly Dog.

I got into a railway car
One sunny April day,
And soon through budding fields and woods,
Was swiftly borne away;
But as I reached my stopping place,
A dog, like one insane,
Rushed madly down the steep incline
To seize my passing train.

It was a silly thing to do,
But yet no one knew why,
He always makes a like attack
Each time the train goes by!
He barked away with all his might,
His foolish end to gain;
Poor dog, he did not know that he
Could never stop the train.

I know a thousand Christians, who
Ephesian sleepers are,
And while they've slept with, Satan's troops
We've waged a deadly war!
They rub their eyes and shout, "Stop! stop!!
Don't fight, we are sure to gain!"
We'll wake them up and soon we'll find
Them "Barking at the train."

Endure Hardness as Good Soldiers of Jesus Christ.

CAPT. CARREY.

Undoubtedly there are numbers to-day in the church and in the Army who really want to be good Soldiers, good Officers, but shrink from the process through which the spirit of God would lead them to fit them for further usefulness. Enduring hardness, human nature shrinks, but the divine nature of which we are made partakers beareth all things. But, says some, "is it really necessary that we suffer can we not be useful and happy too." Behold, says the Apostle, we count those happy who endure. There is a record kept in God's word of those who were faithful, the Apostles and Martyrs endured and got safe to their journey's end, they obeyed God. In Revelations we read, "Here is the patience of the saints here are they who keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus."

"We'll be heroes when the battle is fierce,
When the raging storm louder grows,
Will our courage increase—by the Cross."

Not so if you shrink from taking it up. Shrinking gives the enemy a chance, and fear instead of courage takes hold of the shrinking one, and fear hath torment, fear brings us into bondage, 'tis actual sin, it becomes a spiritual disease, it must be cleared away or it will become chronic. Sin shall not have dominion over you is the promise, but there must be a complete surrender on our part, and the devil shall be expelled, the struggle may be severe it may be by a crisis something like death, but we shall conquer.

But, says some one, "I don't need such a process, I am fully consecrated, praise God for it." But some may read this who are not quite sure. Now it might help us to look at ourselves for a moment honestly. Not long ago I was watching a man at work, he was trying to drive a nail into some wood. It looked alright on the outside. It even was painted, but it was rotten and crumbled away, it would not hold the nail, and the thought struck me, how like some lives. Alright on the outside, some even think they are consecrated till the testing time comes, and they are called to endure hardness, and there is a giving in on their part. The hammer God uses, perhaps a hard station, or some trial to bring them nearer Himself. But they could not hold the nail God has driven, and the answer has been, "O, Lord, it is too hard, why should I be called to endure so much?" They forgot Calvary and Him who endured the nails in His hands and feet, and when some unkind word has been directed at them by the enemies of the Cross it touched their very vitals and the cry has been, must I bear all this. 'Tis hard I know, but just look at that soldier yonder with His spear he pierced the heart of the Son of God. [illegible] the Blood flow, oh, so free, it even covers the spear that pierces Him, glory to His name it covers sins also, yours and mine, but He had to suffer.

Oh, shall we not hush every murmur by viewing the Cross of Calvary and the sinless victim, who endured for us. You have sung, "I will follow Thee, my Saviour," do you mean it. It means something, you will prove it if you keep right on through trials and difficulties, but don't be afraid, just think wont it mean a lot when we follow Him right into the Celestial City, and sit down in His Kingdom. Fighting over, Hallelujah. Oh, wont you close your eyes to everything else and lift up your heart and pray, "Oh, Lord Baptize me with power to work, fight, suffer and endure that Thy name may be glorified in the salvation of precious souls. Then we can sing :—

We ne'er will retreat though we die,
Till the conquest we've won by the Cross.

God's Will.

How many of us in the past have, and in the present do, use the sentence which forms part of the prayer taught by our Lord when on earth to His disciples, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," and yet how little is it realised. What is God's will? Well, whilst it is very true that he willeth that all men should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, it is still more plainly laid down that "The will of God is our sanctification," which in another place becomes a positive command, "Be ye holy, as I am holy," and it is impossible to be doing God's will untill we are living in complete obedience to His commands, for it says also that it is not him that says "Lord, Lord—but he that doeth My will that shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven;" and many of us find that it is not necessary to breathe our last on earth for this to take place, for we are reminded by the Spirits influence, "Lo, the kingdom is within you," and we bask in the sunshine of His glory. Hallelujah! What an experience, my comrades. May we all share in it. Amen!

Push the "War Cry."

(SENT ON POST-CARD).

Push the "War Cry" in every street,
Push the "War Cry" to all you meet.
Push the "War Cry" both near and far,
Push the "War Cry" to help the war.
Push the "War Cry" in private house,
Push the "War Cry" in public-house.
Push the "War Cry" to young and old,
Push the "War Cry"—be Soldiers bold.
Push the "War Cry" to those who sneer,
Push the "War Cry" without a fear.
Push the "War Cry" to high and low.
Push the "War Cry" where'er you go,
Push the "War Cry" both day and night,
Push the "War Cry" with all delight.
Push the "War Cry" in every shop,
Push the "War Cry" and do not stop.

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 Jesus Calls for Thee.

BY STAFF CAPTAIN BAUGH.

TUNE.—"Love at Home.

Sinner wandering from Thy God,
Jesus calls for thee,
Waits to wash thee in His Blood,
Jesus calls for thee.
Wondrous love beyond degree,
Love that longs to set thee free,
Haste to Him and happy be,
Jesus calls for thee.

CHORUS.

Calls for thee, calls for thee,
Wondrous love beyond degree,
Jesus calls for thee.

Oft His voice you've heard before,
Still he calls for thee;
New He's waiting at the door,
Still He calls for thee,
Will you bid Him go away,
And His offers still delay,
While to hell you make your way,
Still He calls for thee.

If thou wilt His grace receive,
While He calls for thee.
Turn from sin on Him believe,
While he calls for thee,
When on earth thy work is done
And you're summon'd to His Throne
You shall hear His glad well done,
When He calls for thee.

2 He Walks With Me.

BY STAFF CAPTAIN JONES, R. H.

TUNE.—"The land beyond the blue."

I have given my all to Jesus,
He is reigning in my soul,
And I feel the blood so precious,
Makes and keeps me fully whole,
Oh the joy and peace he gives me
As I'm in the fight down here,
He is a wall of fire about me.
I have nothing now to fear.

CHORUS.

Thou doe't walk with me my Saviour,
And hast given Thy life for me,
That through this world of trial,
Ever faithful I shall be.

When old Satan tempts me sorely
And opposes on every hand,
I can lean my head on Jesus,
For He never leaves His stand,
But is ever ever near me
Telling me to onward go,
With His shield of faith about me,
I shall conquer every foe.

As I look down in the garden
Where He shed His blood for me,
Next to Pilot's bar behold him,
Then to rugged Calvary,
See the thorns, the nails, the spear,
This was all for you and me,
Now my life to Him is given,
To follow where He leadeth me.

3 Cast All Your Care Upon Him.

(BY [illegible].)

TUNE.—"Where is my wandering boy to-night."

Oftimes while journeying here below,
My burdens sorely pressed,
You have a Saviour, to Him go,
And He will give you rest.

CHORUS.

Cast all your care upon Him
Cast all your care upon Him,
For you He doth care, and your burdens He'll bear,
Cast all your care upon Him.

You say your weak and oft have tried,
But fainted by the way;
Remember, when your weak, your strong,
At His feet you'll stay.
&c.

Though frail and slender be your barque,
Tossed o'er the troubled sea,
Just grasp His promise, it is sweet,
He careth now for me.

God careth for His weakest child
And with a father's love,
Doth tenderly o'er each one watch,
From His bright home above.

Cast all your burdens at His feet,
Cut loose from every care;
Rejoicing in your Saviour's grace
Who doth your burden bear.

4 Come, Work for Me.

BY J. W. ROBERTSON, SPRING HILL JUNCTION.

TUNE:—"Beulah Land."

Why stand you here all day long,
Can't you find work amongst the throng;
In my vineyard there's room for you,
'Tis there you'll find good work to do.

CHORUS.

Come work for me. Come work for me,
'Tis I, thy Saviour, calling thee,
The harvest's ripe, the laborers few
How long have I to call to you;
Come work for Me. Come work for Me,
'Tis I, thy Saviour, pleads with thee.

Come look around and you will see
The harvest ripe as ripe can be;
The Saviour calls, who will obey,
Are there some here who'll start today.

Oh, see that aged drunkard there,
With bloated face and silvery hair,
Go now to him in plain words tell
That he is on the brink of hell.

Go warn the wanton and the proud,
Lift up your voice and cry aloud;
If you a faithful shepherd be,
You'll strive to bring lost sheep to Me.

Could you but hear the wailing cry
Of lost souls in their agony,
No longer would you idle there,
But in the fight you'd do and dare.

5 My Anchor, Safely Moored.

BY HARVEY HINES, GODERICH.

TUNE:—"Tom Moore."

My bark keeps tossing on the sea,
My anchor's safely moored;
'Tis anchored now within the veil,
The safest mooring ground.
In that loving breast of Thine,
There's room for all the world;
Of all who come to anchor there,
None shall away be turned.

CHORUS.

'Tis the safest mooring ground my friends,
The safest mooring ground,
My anchor's moored within the veil,
In the safest mooring ground.

This mooring ground, my Saviour's breast,
Where my anchor will not drag,
But stand the tug, let storm its best,
So my vessel need not flag.
My cable's not as those of earth,
Which always do wear out,
But the more its used, the stronger gets,
You need never turn about.

Oh, the grace of God's, the motive power,
That pulls my bark along;
This windlass, moving every hour,
The cable draws with song.
Oh! the grace of God, this motive power,
Is always working fast;
Draws in the cable hour by hour,
Till my bark is home at last.

6 The Growlers.

BY MRS. MOTTERSHEAD.

TUNE:—"I'se gwine back to Dixie."

The people they are grumbling
About our operations,
They'd like us a deal better
If we'd make some alterations.
They say we are too noisy,
With our tambourines and drums,
But we will fight for Jesus,
And be ready when he comes.

CHORUS.

But we will fight for Jesus,
But we will fight for Jesus,
But we will fight for Jesus every day.
Then when He comes to call us,
We'll join the happy chorus,
Around the Throne of God and of the Lamb.

They do not like our marches,
Our singing in the street,
Our open-airs on the market square
Are very indiscreet.
And then those horrid bonnets,
And those plain dresses too,
They really cannot understand
Why we these strange things do.

But if they'd come to Jesus
And got converted too,
They would not think our modes so strange,
But they would do them too.
They'd shout and sing and dance about
And tell of Jesus' love,
And how instead of going to hell,
Their marching to Heaven above.

HOLINESS.

7 The Refining Process.

BY O. T. P.

TUNE.—"Trim your lamps and be ready."

Vital flame of Heavenly fire,
Come and my waiting soul inspire,
Oh! make me pure within.

CHORUS.

Send the fire of Thy Spirit
To consume my sin.

Bid nature's darkest night depart,
Thine own most radiant light impart,
Into my longing breast.

Now, let me feel Thy cleansing power,
Oh! seal me Thine forevermore,
A child of light and love!

Help me to work for Thee dear Lord,
And keep the precepts of thy word,
Which lights my path to Heaven.

8 Love's Blessing.

BY GRIFF PRICE.

TUNE.—"Full Salvation."

Love's a power that knows no limit
To its influence for good;
In the heart of God it dwelleth,
And if cleansed, in yours it would.
Have you got it?
In your soul the love you should?

Love's principle is not dormant,
But is active, full of life;
Moving souls that once were idle,
To the rescue 'midst the strife;
Saving others,
Though it cost their very life.

Fruitless, fruitless, oh, how fruitless!
Is the life in which no love
Has its power to work its blessing
For the God of Heaven above.
Oh, my comrade,
Live no longer without love.

SCRAPS.

To be quiet, means, to be content with all that God sends us.

—/—

To be able to conquer the wolves, we must first become lambs.

—/—

Is it any wonder if our unbelief cannot fathom the majesty of God!

—/—

There is a distinction between Christ dwelling in us, and working in us.

—/—

The same Spirit which shows me my nothingness, gives me strength to conquer.

—/—

The world is an arena of perpetual changes.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

GENERAL ORDER

It is to be distinctly understood that orders for goods or uniforms, and other communications generally on S. A. affairs are to be addressed to the Commissioner and to no one else.

T. B. COOMBS, Com'r.

APPOINTMENTS.

Lieut. Alice Larder, of Greenspond, N-f'l'd to be Captain.

Cadet James Jewer, of Catalina, N-f'ld to be Lieutenant at Halifax.

Cadet Ben. Lewis, of Toronto, II., to be Lieutenant in charge at Clifford.

Private Wm. Ledrew, of Brigus, N-f'l'd, to be Cadet.

Private John Gooley, of St. John's, N-f'l'd, to be Cadet at Greenspond.

Private Wm. Thorne, of St. John's N-f'l'd, to be Cadet at Twillingate.

Private Geo. Manual, of St. John's, N-f'l'd, to be Cadet at Burin.

Private Albert E. Wynn, of Palmerston, to be Cadet at St. Catherines.

Private R. J. Brown, of Chesley, to be Cadet at Tilsonburg.

Private Thos. P. Ward, of Huntsville, to be Cadet at Toronto II.

Private Jas. Anderson, of Hastings, to be Cadet at Lindsay.

Private Thos. Allen, of Stratford, to be Cadet at Stayner.

Private Henrietta Sopher, of St. John's, N-f'l'd, to be Cadet at Brigus.

Headquarters,
Salvation Temple,
Toronto, Ont.

T. B. Coombs, Com.

A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS
WAR CRY

SATURDAY, JULY 10TH, 1887.

A RESCUE HOME. Just as we go to press we hear that at last a suitable house has been secured for the Rescue Work. We hope to give a photograph and description at an early date. In the meantime we would remind our friends that it will need furnishing, &c. Cash or goods thankfully received at headquarters. Remember who helps quickly helps twice.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. The two subjoined cuttings from the "Neepawa Register" tell an old story and need no comment:—

CAUSE — "The Salvation Army did wonderful work here on jubilee day. After the march in the afternoon, so great was the crowd which followed, that scores could not even reach the doors of the barracks. There were twenty-five converts at the meeting, and two in the evening. The army officers were all absent in Winnipeg, and local soldiers led the meetings."

EFFECT—"His Hon. Judge Ryan, who was here on jubilee day, says that he never before spent a day in a crowd where everybody was so well behaved and orderly, and where profanity of any kind was unknown. We are proud of the Judge's testimony. We don't believe there was a glass of whiskey in the town, and notwithstanding that we mingled in the immense crowd all day we never heard an oath."

HELP! HELP!! HELP!!! A poor, fallen, cursed world demands it. Yes, humanity is groping in the dust. Who will lift it? Society has got adrift from God, who will make an effort to bring it back to God? Millions have fallen, who will lift them up? Enslaved, who will tell them of freedom? Bound, chained, enthralled, who will go and tell them of the great Saviour? Oh, the teeming multitude that sit

crushed and bleeding under the foot of despair, passion, bound, sweeping down to ruin and to hell, on oceans of drunkenness and vice! Oh, listen to their agonizing cry! Oh, does it not make you weep! They are groaning for freedom, seeking for liberty, yearning for deliverance. Oh, comrades, some one must go or they perish! Oh, let us seek and ask and wait upon God for the love that will impel us to weep over them, that will stir our soul and nerve our arm, and so flood and baptise us with the Calvary spirit, till we are prepared to go to the mouth of hell and snatch them as brands from the terrible burnings. Oh, comrades, go, go with pity and kindness to those who know not the blessing of kindness. Go with sympathy and love—go. Who will befriend the friendless? Go and seek for the prodigal, bring him home! Go, win in God's name the harlot from her shame! Go to the rescue, do not the barefeet invite you? Do not the famished look, the half clad ill-starved creatures, as they look at you, as they pass you, invite you and a thousand other voices invite you? All Heaven is looking on and waiting your resolve. God and the angels appeal to you. Thousands are in the battle's heat, hundreds are buckling on the armour. But when will you go? Go, go now, to the rescue of a dying world!

YOUR DRESS. Are you going to walk in the street? Take care how you dress! What is that on your head? What does that gaudy ribbon and those ornaments on your dress say to everyone who meets you? They make the impression that you wish to be thought pretty! Take care, you might just as well write on your clothes, "No truth in religion." They say, "Give me dress, give me fashion, give me flattery, and I am happy." The world understands this testimony as you walk the streets. You are living epistles, known and read of all men. If you show pride, levity and the like, it is like tearing open the wounds of the Saviour. Now Christ might weep to see professors of religion going about hanging up His cause to contempt at the street corners! Only let the women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becomes women professing godliness) with good works. Only let them act consistently, and their conduct will tell upon the world. Heaven will rejoice and hell groan at their influence. But, oh, let them display vanity, try to be pretty, bow down to the goddess of fashion, fill their ears with ornaments and their fingers with rings, let them put feathers in their hats and clasps on their arms, lace themselves up till they can hardly breathe, let them put on their roued tires and walk mincing as they go, and their influence is reversed. Heaven puts on robes of mourning and hell may hold a jubilee.

Let Them Alone.

AN EDITORIAL FROM THE "TORONTO GLOBE."

In a recent estimate of the social and religious forces at present most effective in moulding the character and thinking of the hour, no mention was made and no account taken of the Salvation Army and its many and varied operations. Now this was a grave and perhaps indefensible oversight on the part of any who would like to get credit for forming such an estimate with any measure of care and correctness. The religious and social force of the Salvationists is anything but small. They have grown in numbers and power with unexampled rapidity. They may well claim that though they are only of yesterday they are to be found everywhere and anywhere working with elastic energy and a very gratifying amount of success. Some may say that they show shockingly bad taste in many of their ways and words. That may be, but good taste is not everything. Some things which pass for good taste in certain circles are very far from having anything to do with the genuine article, and even where there is no doubt about the taste being good it has at the same time to be confessed that the zeal is very small, and that any beauty that is about it is the beauty of an icicle. Some of the most successful workers in the field of religion and practical benevolence have not been gifted with much "good taste," but they have had something better and greatly to be preferred. They have had consuming earnestness, dauntless energy and a faculty for persuasion which many of their more cultivated bretheren might well have envied, and to possess which they ought to have been ready to have made almost any sacrifice. If devils are cast out, that is the great thing. If the demon of drink is put to flight, and the fleshly devil is forced to come out and to leave its victim, it may be weak and dishonored, yet at last clothed and in his or her right mind at the feet of Christ. If the foul-mouthed are led to fear an oath; if the liar becomes true in his every utterance, and the thief is so changed that he could be safely trusted with uncounted gold; if the prodigal "comes to himself," and the publican cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner," it matters very little, though vowels be sadly misused, and the grammor is such as would have made Lindley Murray go into fits. The question is, "How have the words sped?" "How many bullets have gone home?" Tin thunder may, perhaps, have its uses, and the article produced under that name may be quite in accordance with all the cannons. In the meantime, what good purpose does it serve? It is a mere make-believe at the best. It can never either clear the atmosphere or rend the rocks.

The Salvationists claim, and, we think, with reason, that they have done some very genuine and at the same time thoroughly good work. They have their living epistles, which have all the marks of being genuine. They have many rescued waifs who are proving by their lives that their conversion has been real. They evidently attract many whom other religious agencies have always repelled. Success is not, indeed, always a mark of honor or a certificate of worth, but in some instances it is both, and the progress of the Salvation Army puts the hall-mark upon its character and doings.

A poor state of affairs it must be for people to be continually snarling at those who, in soul-saving, are apparently more successful than themselves. In fact the way in which this Army has been welcomed shows that it meets a felt want, just as the Methodist movement did a little more than a century ago. The utterances of many cultivated preachers and many ornate elocutionists are, after all, cold as the summit of the Andes, supine as a Mohammedan fakir, meagre as a piece of chalk and often not more evangelical than the morals of Seneca or the maxims of Confucius. What if their phrases be fine and their eloquence, in the cant of the day, "severely chaste?" They are accomplishing nothing in the way of practical salvation, and if they are in any fashion genuine they ought to be thankful that there are others who, though they follow not along with them, manage to send many more arrows into the hearts of the King's enemies. "Forbid them not!" There is plenty of wickedness for all to fight against, and surely in this free land the man who stands by the tongue ought to be put down by the tongue and by that alone. It is, to be sure, very evident that too many even in Canada are perfectly ignorant of the very first principles of true freedom. They need missionaries to be sent to them very badly. This blood-and-thunder "horse-pond" style of argument so unfortunately common must, in short, be severely sat upon. It is a shame and a scandal that there should be any town, village or city in our wide Dominion where an unarmed, helpless and harmless set of men preaching the Gospel in their own way and according to their own lights can be violently assailed and have "liberty of prophesying" forbidden them because their zeal is consuming and their grammar none of the best. Nobody forces any one to listen. If they stop no thoroughfares, break no laws and do violence to no one, then the civil authorities are bound to protect them at all hazards and with, if necessary, all the force that is at their disposal. "Don't like it?" That may be. There are a good many things in a free country that some don't like. They have to put up with them, though, all the same. There is, in short, still force in the words of the shrewd old Town Clerk of Ephesus—"The courts are open and there are no pro-consuls. Let them accuse one another." If that can't be done, better let them alone. There are still as worthless rabble routs as were the Ephesian silversmiths long ago, and the zeal of these is as tainted, their violence as little defensible. Heresy, it is said, is what these Salvationists preach? That may be. But the Apostle Paul was blamed in the same way. "Blasphemy?" Blasphemy indeed! It was for "blasphemy" that the orthodox religionists of the day nailed Jesus Christ to the Cross. It has been through the same convenient and elastic charge that many of the best and holiest of the sons of men have been persecuted into fame and ultimately driven into Heaven. If something must be done better, for a change try to answer them. If that is not to be thought of, to let them severely alone is the only proper and ought to be the only permissible course.

On Wearing Uniform

"What will Thou have me to do?"

Not what my Christian friends would have me do, or what I want to do myself, but, "What will Thou have me to do?" What will Thou have me to do in the choice of an occupation, or continuance in it, as regards knee-drill, attending open-airs, marching, giving, and wearing uniform? Let all the voices of earth be hushed, so that we may get to know our Father's will on these matters. With reference to the last-named—uniform, I wish to pen a few thoughts, which have been suggested by the following incident:

Having to wait a short time at the M. Railway station for a train, I took a WAR CRY from my bag to read as I paced up and down the platform. Presently the thought came to me to speak a word for Jesus to a woman, whom I passed, so I commenced the conversation by enquiring if she had ever met with the WAR CRY. She quickly responded by saying: "Oh, I am a soldier!" Imagine my surprise, as there was nothing to indicate it from her dress, though neatly attired, which I was not slow to remind her of by way of apology. The time did not permit of a lengthy conversation, but I gathered this, that her business would suffer if she wore the uniform, that she had consulted an experienced Christian, who thought she might waive the matter, which I do not praise or condemn, having no wish to sit on the judgment seat, but I thought the Lord Jesus Christ ought to be consulted first on this and other matters. It is an insult to Christ to place Him second. Christian friends, at the best, are but second lights, weaker oracles, and if light comes to us through them, sift it, for many unintentionally might, by their words switch us on the wrong line of thought. Get your orders in the matter of dress from your King. Some will say, "God looks at the heart." He does, but He looks at everything else. When singing

"Anything for Jesus,"

why should we except dress? Many will have to praise God eternally for the Salvation Army uniform, as well as for the band and drum. Soldiers, be all of a piece, get thoroughly equipped for the war. Compromises are the devil's baits. Do not act as if this for self and this for Christ—this is done on religious principles and this on business terms, this for my own comfort and profit, and this for God's glory. Let it be unmistakably seen that you belong to the Army of King Jesus.

The banners of the enemy are not kept furled. His servants and soldiers don't disguise their uniform. Push salvation. "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." The world is watching for your halting on this particular as well as other points. disappoint them. Christ counts upon our love and faithfulness in what some may term "little things." Don't disappoint Him. With Paul, say "Lord, what will Thou have me to do?" and, when we know the Master's will, do it lovingly, cheerfully, gladly, following the example of Him who "pleased not Himself."

REVIEWS.

All the World for July.

"Oh, yes its getting better," there is not the slightest discount about this. The last two numbers of "All the World" are in every way a decided advance on their predecessors.

The number just to hand has amongst other gems an article, "Army Spirit," in S. F. S.'s best style there is a lengthy poem by H. A. Beaver, "A Flower of Faith," being a pathetic army story displaying a depth of feeling and genuine poetic treatment, seldom excelled by our best secular magazine writers. There are articles from France, India, Australasia, New Zealand and Germany, from the pens of Commissioner Tucker, Major Weeresooryie and Commissioner Railton respectively. Also an interesting account of the Brooklyn Rescue Home by Miss Swift, and a paper on the open-air work in Toronto by Capt Reid. These and other matter go to make up a number of extraordinary interest, and to crown all there is the first of "Two Suppositions" by the General, which have an especial interest to Salvationists all round the world. "All the World" beyond a doubt is at present the best thing in Salvation Literature published, and we are quite sure if every officer would only show it to their people and friends its circulation in Canada could be increased fourfold in a month. It can be obtained at the Dominion Headquarters at 10 cents per copy, or $1.50 per year prepaid.

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The "Pacific Coast War Cry," published at San Francisco, is just to hand full of interesting intelligence as to the advance and progress of the war in that region. The beauty and artistic excellence of its wood engravings, the cleaness and general good effect of its press work are far in advance of anything in its line produced on this side of the Atlantic. We offer our congratulations and wish it God speed.

A LETTER.

ADDRESS TO SOME WE KNOW.

My dear Friend,

It is laid upon my heart to write you a few lines upon the subject of your soul's experience. I remember the time when, in obedience to God's Spirit you came out from the half-hearted and selfish company that you had associated with. You then enjoyed the smile and favor of God, the uniform was adopted, you got the victory over a false notion of respectability, began to witness for Him, and I hoped to see you in time an officer in our ranks, and a soul-winner. Things are changed. Your dress is worldly, your company, and conversation are the same, you do little for God. How is this? Has the Spirit of God changed, or have you? You may shirk this matter, but God will face you with it one day.

Yours, in love and faithfulness,

A. S——.

The resignation of our will is the true and acceptable offering.

From ST. JOHN.

HAPPY BILL IN A RUNNING FIGHT.

I arrived here all safe and after the big meetings that were held in St. John I started out to visit the corps in this District and spent the first day at

FREDERICTON,

and found everybody ready for good time. In the afternoon God came very near to us in the Holiness meeting, and at night we had another blessed season of prayer and power, and some real red hot fighting which ended in the wounding of many, and one prisoner taken for the King.

WOODSTOCK

was my next stopping place, where I arrived in time for dinner, and after some little talk with the dear officers, it was near meeting time, and praise the dear Lord we did see His power at work. Many wept but would not yield, but since then, many have found the Saviour, praise the dear Lord. Our comrades mean this town for Jesus. The next morning I boarded the train for

ST. STEPHEN'S,

where I arrived at about 3 p. m., found Capt Scott and his Lieut. to meet me, and we just had time for a bite and then off to do some scouting, back in time for tea, and soon it is time for the march, but the rain is pouring down and it keeps on from six till nearly nine o'clock. But Hallelujah, we must have a march so we did and had a good time but were pretty wet when we got back to the barracks, but bless the Lord He sent a few people, and we had a nice little time together, but we need more Holy Ghost amongst our comrades here and then we shall see the place won for God. Came home on Friday to see the mail and on Saturday to

SUSSEX,

where we found our old friend and comrade Capt Freer at the station, and we are not long before we are on the march, assisted by Capt Hussey, with his cornet, and Saturday, Sunday and Monday were times of heavy firing, and very many were deeply wounded and if our comrades live on there knees and get filled with the Holy Ghost we shall soon see Sussex won for God. My next place was an outpost called

LE TETE

a very nice little place and there is a grand work going on here, and we spent Saturday night with our comrades and had a real joyful time. Sunday and Monday, we spent at

ST. GEORGE.

amongst the granite workers a real good looking lot of people. Capt Palmer, the officer who opened fire here was with us for the two day's meetings, and Sunday we spent dealing with men and women for eternity, but while we had good crowds and much conviction, there was none would yield, but the Monday was a crowning time which has been already reported.

OARLETON

was announced for big times, myself, Capt Banks with her brass band from St. John were there and Capt Hudson had a broom parade which brought out the people from all sides to look at us, and inside we had a grand time, God was early with us in power and many of us got richly blessed and we closed the meeting feeling that God was at work with the people and since then some souls have surrendered to God.

ST. ANDREWS

was my next place and we had reinforcements from St. George, Le Tete, and St. Stephens, and this quiet little place was kept all alive for the few hours we were there. The meetings was a very blessed one and we are glad to report that God is moving in a mighty way at St. Andrews, look out for more news from this way soon.

Yours in the war.

Adjt. Happy Bill.

EASTERN DIVISION.

FIGHTING IN ST. JOHN'S, HALIFAX, AND NEW NEW GLASGOW.

"Newfoundland is strange until one gets to understand it," said someone to me, and so I found it, for it was the first time in my life that I had found it necessary to "have a big blazing fire in the house all day as far on as the 10th and 14th of June in order to keep warm. Strange, too, that one night you may get a meeting crowded and the next night likely it may be but "very thin."

As it happens sometimes in one day crowds of men, and women too, will leave for The Banks, or Labrador, and it also happens that sometimes as many will come home in one day from the same places. At the present time, however, considerably over half of St. John's' soldiers have either emigrated or gone to sea. This, however, did not hinder us from having four solid days of blessed victory.

It would take too much time and space to describe each one of the meetings held, but suffice it is to say that in the officers' council from 9 a.m., till 6 p.m., all day Saturday, Monday and Tuesday we have seldom, if ever, experienced so much continuous light and power. In fact, it seemed that a cloud of His presence as from Sinai was hovering over and upon us. The grand Sunday morning march too and the eight public meetings held in the barracks and Orange Hall were most encouraging, although I cannot give you the exact numbers who sought the blessing of pardon, or purity, yet I do know, that amongst them were the aged, the middle-aged, and the young of both sexes, and to all alike it was proved that "they had a Saviour who's mighty to save."

But my experience just now is rather strange. I first go to the side of the ship and have a struggle, for what I know not, for I have given the fishes all I had, and then I sit down on deck to write a little more.

We wound up with an all night of prayer, which proved a good finish to all intents and purposes, but would have been much more enjoyable had not

OLD JACK FROST

got around us so thickly, for I confess that notwithstanding the exterior of the meeting and the aid of our over-coats we had the utmost difficulty to keep warm. A large number sought and found full deliverance and they did not forget to give Him the glory either. God bless the Newfoundland Adjutant officers and people.

Quite a crowd came down to the wharf, the next afternoon to bid the officers and myself good bye, and sang us away to see with "Shall we all meet at home in the morning," and "We'll fight till we die and never run away." etc. After 48 hours splendid sailing and a few spells at sea-sickness, we are welcomed to

HALIFAX

with a few old friends and a nice little pile of correspondence, which we managed to scramble through in time to take part in the special meeting which had been duly announced. Adjts. Cooper and Southall had also arrived and with their valuable aid, and the energetic faith and works of our

HALIFAX ARTILLERY,

we had a most blessed series of meetings. We did not see so many souls saved as we would wish, but those who gave themselves to God appeared real, for says one, "It has been a hard struggle for me to give up the world and come out seperate, but I am fully saved now and you can put my name on the roll straight away for I intend to be true." We noticed too that the others who were like the world before had left their wings behind, and were in the open-air as well as the inside meetings.

By-the-bye, I must not forget to say we had some open-air fighting in proper S. A. style, sometimes three being in the ring all at once and firing away in different directions, which could not be without its effect.

A BRASS BAND

has been started and, although scarcely organized, are bold enough to attempt enough to play for Jesus through the streets, either in chord or in discord.

Capt. Shafter and her Cadets gave me a warm welcome next day at

NEW GLASGOW.

A beautiful crowd of soldiers turned out for the march with flags and bannerettes three bass and four snare drums, Capt. Osborne, Armstrong, with their Lieut's and little and big Cadets came over from their respective corps to assist us in the Jubilee, which was a real enjoyable and profitable time and ended in the salvation of a colored sister.

Things are looking healthy at N. G., and we are believing for a good advance to be made under the command of the new officers.

Up at 6 a.m. next morning, first train for

S. JOHN'S

for Jubilee day, about which I guess Adjt. Cooper will let you know. Yours on track for victory,

J. E. Margetts, Major.

From TORONTO.

BITS OF CORRESPONDENCE PICKED UP IN A HURRY.

A letter says—bless God grand reception, two souls Saturday night, two of our worst persecutors, and has been for some time, four more souls, audience broke down, waves of power and some yelling right out with the power, all I could do was to stand and look.

Another says—more crowds, more souls and more money. Things is looking fine; bless God, we shall have a smash. I write back, praise God for little and keep on breaking a little of it will tell in the end comrades if you get a large mark keep making a little.

Another—got home from seeing my sister, which is no better, but I am going in to do something here. Two souls. We are sure of victory.

I fire a volley and write back saying, take care of the two, nurse them for God and He is sure to give you some more.

Another letter—they broke into our barracks, smashed up our drum, and did other damage, but we are having souls. Can we have a Gipsy jingle band and some off-to help us. Yes, bless God a drum can be mended and damage repaired, but a soul once in hell never returns, anything for to save souls and get them to listen if you can get in by each gate or eye gate or any other gate, get to the soul by some means and save the hundreds going to where. Oh, where—answer! "Are you going to take our Captain away," was said to me a few days ago, we are in fear you will, they have been some months now, we all like them so, and all in the village thinks them just perfect, things are rising here, bless God, when we can hear such news. A Cadet says to me, you see that stout woman, yes, we visited her some time ago, and would you think it she had no Bible in the house, and in all my experience never did I find such ignorance of how to get saved. We do a lot of visiting that is the reason we succeed so. Well we went into our house, they did not want us, we went down on our knees before they had time to turn us out, they pulled chairs away from us, I watched a while, Captain prayed, but we left an impression, we wrestle for all the names they gave us, we are determined to win them." Lieutenant writes we had no souls but meetings are much improved, and soldiers go in with the more like getting souls. I feel weak but shall be sure to win, pray for us, and come for a Sunday soon. I write back, we are sure you will win, God comes to your aid, and He has come by your blessed letter.

We are expecting some more openings in Toronto Division, now do you wonder where it will be, keep looking and praying, we don't expect all smooth sailing, but we are sure of coming through and gaining this province, the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession, and we are doing all we are worth. Brigades are doing splendid work in Toronto, and will prove to small thing if worked aright. Soldiers seem just eager to get a whack at the devil at every opportunity, a brigade gives them it and keeps them at it. Bless God.

Yours,

D. O. Morris.

PROMOTIONS.

From Halifax to Heaven,

The first break in the ranks of the 184 corps has been occasioned by the promotion of Sister Knight from the ranks below to the ranks in Heaven. She was among the first that gave her heart to God in the Salvation Army in this city and enrolled as a soldier. About twelve months ago she was afflicted with illness which finally resulted in her death, all through her sickness she had perfect confidence in Jesus and as we used to visit her, she often said, "Oh it is all well with my soul I am ready to go" and the chariot was being lowered and she stepped joyfully in and went to her Lord whom she loved so well. We buried her with Army honors, and as the crowd gathered around, God wonderfully helped. We had a very impressive service and although none yielded many were moved to tears, and last night (Sunday) as we held a memorial service God gripped the meeting and five precious souls went their way to the cross, everybody pray that God will bless and strengthen Bro Knight in this hour of bereavement.

Capt Beatty.

FROM NEW GLASGOW TO THE GOLDEN STREETS OF HEAVEN.

During the past week it has pleased God to call from our midst a dear aged sister, to swell the ranks above. She lived the life of a real whole hearted Christian and died rejoicing in the Saviour. During my short time in this station I have had the privilege of calling on her twice and found her happy in Jesus. At my first call I asked her if she was ready to die, "Oh yes" and it won't be long till I go, she answered, as I have lived past my alotted time here. She was 82 years of age and although she did not belong to the Army, she requested that she should be buried under our banner. On Sunday afternoon as we marched to the house there was a great crowd gathered around, we brought the

coffin outside where we held a short service, many were moved to tears and as we marched to the cemetery about 200 in the march singing "there's sweet rest in Heaven," the people gathered from all parts of the town and on reaching the grave we found a large crowd there, and as we sang "shall we gather at the river" God did come very near to us, and filled our hearts to overflowing with his love, we had a very effective service there and at the close many gave themselves up more fully to God to be used by Him. We then marched back to the barracks singing "we'll lif. up the banner on high," held a short prayer meeting and in the evening we held the memorial service. The hall was packed and I shall not try to describe the meeting as I could only fail, but it was indeed a blessing to my soul, better still, yesterday while visiting I found out that three souls had given themselves to God at the funeral service, Glory to God in the highest.

Captain Shafer.

The Hermit and the Cobra.

Once upon a time two Hermits lived in the jungles. The younger of the two having found a small Cobra, brought it home with him to his cell, determined that he would care for it, feed it and bring it up; nor would he listen to the warnings of his older companion who warned him of the danger he run, in keeping such a pet. Determined however to guard against all danger, he placed the Cobra in a hollow bamboo to which he daily brought its food. For some time all went well, but one day the young Hermit was detained for an unusually long time, the young Cobra enraged at its master's neglect stung him upon his return, so that he died.

The Hermit had taken the Cobra when it was but small, and there appeared to be but little danger, yet fed and cherished by his own hand it had at length become full grown. It is usually thus that the devil presents us with some temptation. No doubt the full grown Cobra would rather have alarmed the Hermit just as a full grown out and out sin would alarm the saint. The common excuse that a sin is only a little one is the more subtle because this is Satan's universal way of tempting people. The first temptations to sin are usually small. No body becomes a drunkard all at once. Just one sip at the mother's wine glass, is the commencement of his down fall. Who could see in that flaxen haired, bright eyed, lovely boy, the bloated drunkard of future years who brings his mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, and ends his years at the poor-house or the gallows?

Who would have imagined that the gaudy new pinafore which that little girl was showing to all her friends laid the seeds of vanity in her heart to bring forth the bitter fruit of extravagance, debt, ruin and suicide in future years? Who would have imagined that those harmless select Sunday magazine stories, or those classical novels which everybody must read, would have filled that young innocent heart with the false ambition and wicked schemings that have blighted a life once so full of promise and hope. Coming nearer to ourselves, who could possibly have dreamed that the Soldier who was foremost in the fight, first at selling War Crys, first at giving testimonies, would have been so easily upset by the flatteries of false friends. Yes! the Devil has a thin end to his thickest wedge. He knows well enough that if only he can insert the thin edge of his wedge the rest will quickly follow. If he can only persuade us to cherish that little Cobra it will soon sting us to death. The Hermit thought that by keeping his serpent in the bamboo he would prevent it from doing any harm. This is the idea of many people they despair of destroying sin altogether, the best they can hope for is to keep it in the bamboo, keep it out of sight, keep it shut up so that it has no power for action. But there it is all the time, a constant source of unquiet and danger. Oh, Hallelujah! Little or big, there is no necessity for keeping any sin whether loose or fastened up in this way. Our only safety is to get rid of it altogether.

The fact that the Hermit was engaged in religious duties, the fact that otherwise his character was blameless, the fact that he had separated himself from the world and sacrificed so much, all this was of no avail. His one act of folly was sufficient to undo it all. Indeed it only increased his guilt. That he of all men should act with such folly was indeed unpardonable. The higher the position of usefulness which we occupy, the greater the measure of holiness which we have attained, the more important is it for us to exercise the utmost watchfulness, to be sure that we harbor no sin in our hearts and not presume upon blessings or victories of the past. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—Indian "War Cry."

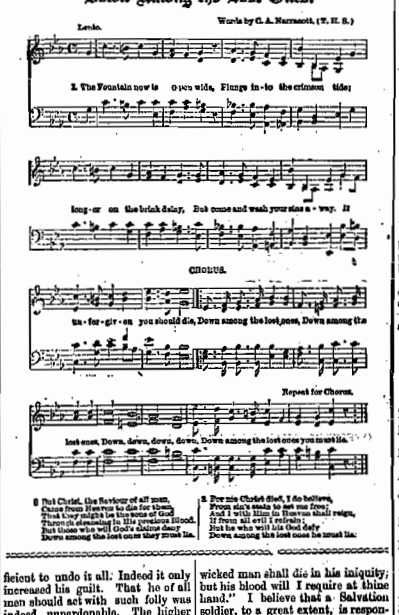
True quiet does not consist in speaking little or nothing, but repeating nothing evil, speaking nothing ill, being still amidst storms of trouble.

I do not find in the Bible a single word that preaches condemnation: to wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand." I believe that a Salvation soldier, to a great extent, is responsible, not only for the people he meets with in his meetings, but in the cars, and in streets, &c.

I am afraid that some officers spoil themselves for dealing with souls through the light and giddy way in which they carry themselves. If you see them in the melting they are awfully in earnest; but see them in the cars, and on the street, and all their earnestness has gone, seemingly, and unless they wear the uniform you couldn't recognize them to be Christians at all. I believe that we ought so to live that our very life would rebuke the wicked and be a warning to them. Comrades, let us be earnest, not only in our meetings, but wherever we go, and thus prove to the world that this salvation is a reality.

70 Down Among the Lost Ones.

Words by C. A. Barnacott, (T. H. S.)

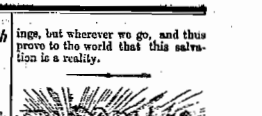


Dealing Individually With Men.

BY MAJOR PUGMIRE.

Of late God has led out my mind to deal with men about their souls on the streets, in the cars, and store &c., and I sincerely believe that a great deal can be done for God in speaking individually with the dying masses about their never-dying souls, and I think that we as Salvation Army officers and soldiers ought to do more for God, than we have, in this line.

Before retiring to my rest the other night, I took up my Bible to read a verse, and this is what the Lord gave me: Ezekiel iii. 18, "When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die; and thou gavest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same



HINTS FOR HINDERERS.

The Pharisees were the bitterest enemies of the great Captain. They are still the bitterest opponents of a Blood and Fire Salvation.

Their spirit is still the same; they will not tolerate, God manifest in the flesh.

A formal, ceremonies, respectable religion they do not object to.

A living, burning, enthusiastic Christianity is still Beelzebub to them.

The fishermen of Galilee created a greater impression in three years than all the learning of the Jews had done in centuries.

The Salvation Army has left a greater mark on the homes and hearts of the masses in five years than any other means since Canada was a "bush-full of Redmen."

Men measure the worth of things by the extent to which they occupy the end in view.

What advance is made by those who profess to love God, but are not careful to keep His commandments?

What advance do those disciples make who will not follow their Master a yard beyond what is pleasant and smooth?

What about those who believe in hell, and will not give up a single luxury to prevent a soul from going there.

This is holding the theory of religion without the practice, and this is damnation.

What is the end of all true religion, but the rescuing of the world from the hand of the enemy and bringing it back to God.

Bishops and Bishops and ministers, everybody says so—in theory. What about the practice?

Were are you comrades? Are you agitated about the matter?

QUAINT RHYMES

BY PLAIN PILGRIM.

As I wander about, and some people say
Lame, and hobbling with gout, I thank God that's not I!
If, to make people fat, needs beer, rum, or gin,
And such stuff as that—then, I'd rather be thin!
The food that best suits me is what's plain and wholesome,
But stuffing and quaffing is dirty and loathsome;
It is little I drink, except water and tea,
And I look pretty well on't—and that you may see!

I use no tobacco, nor do I take snuff—
The Lord gives me pleasure and pastime enough;
Besides, 'till all wasted, the money so spent,
And I have not a cent but what I've been lent!
My body is frail, and in shaky condition
But Christ is my Doctor, my only Physician;
I am willing to stay here to serve such a Master,
And don't wish the time to go slower or faster.

God will work no wonders where there are dead professors, but He will do much where there are living Christians.

—/—

We may sit in the darkness, providing the darkness does not sit on us.

The War in Other Lands

Our Indian Letter Bag.

GUJURAT.

ALONE IN A CROWD. — ESAAK AMONGST THORNS.—THE QUARTERS AT BORCHASAN. A VISIT FROM A SERPENT. — RUNNING FOR THE SHADOWS.—A PITILESS SUN.

My heart bounds with joy as I sit down in the heart of this Indian town in which I am at present the only Canadian or Englishman. And I pour my soul out to God in gratitude when I realise that although apparently alone amongst these people, that these lines will be read with interest by hundreds of you my comrades, whose prayers go up daily for the salvation of India, and who, although you are not able to be in the fight here, are as interested in her salvation as we who are here; and with the help of those prayers we win many a victory. I will try this time to give you something of an idea of the way our days are spent. We had been waiting anxiously for news of the coming council, when a postman puts a card from the Major into our hands, telling us that there is to be an "All night of prayer" at Ahmedabad, and that all Gujerat officers are to be present. As we now know when to come back, brother Esaak (Locke) and myself make up our minds to call at each of the stations in the district. and take a trip to some of the neighbouring villages where we have not yet been, to see how the people will receive us, and what chances there are for new openings. Accordingly taking the necessaries for the journey, (viz) pocket dictionary, small bible, pencil and paper, we start out in the bright moonlight.

It is too hot to travel in the daytime. For the first station Borchasan, four miles distant. The scenery by moonlight is really beautiful as we come under the spreading banyan and mango trees along the road. And we wish with all our hearts that some of you could be able to see us as we march along. But stop! Hold on a minute! Bro. Esaak has just driven a couple of cruel thorns into his foot and is engaged in pulling them out.

"Don't see anything to praise the Lord for in that" somebody will say. Yes, we do, we can praise the Lord that it was not a snake with which the country abounds.

Passing one village on the right we come to Borchasan, (my first station in India.) The officers quarters here is a little hut about 15 by 16, and in such a condition that Lieut. Dyasaga and Cadet, who are now in charge, sleep out of doors for fear of the roof falling in on them in the night. We find that the officers have gone on to Sundamo the next village, to spend the night. So we brace up for another two mile walk. As we go through the village the people beg of us to stay, asking if we are not afraid to go out at that time of night. But as we are the King's sons, and travelling on our Father's business we can see no object for fear, and on we go trusting in His protecting arm. It is my turn now, for as we are hurrying along I strike my foot on a small round stick covered with thorns, which after rolling the whole length of my foot sticks in my heel. After all, we have a delightful walk of six miles, realising that we are about our Father's business. We find the lads at Sundamo sitting up giving one another accounts of the war in their stations. As the contents of an officers' quarters are about the same all round, I will try to give you an account of this one. The door is at the right hand corner as you go in, it is a small affair, and if you don't stoop down your head you will suffer for it. When we get in at the left hand in the corner is a bundle of sticks for the fire, a little further down are a few earthen jars for grain, some water pots and a drinking vessel, leaning against the wall are four earthen plates for food, two pots for cooking rice and curry, a round concern for mixing flour, and another to bake the bread on, with a wooden stick for stirring and taking out the rice, and another for turning over the bread, comprise the cooking utensils. On the farther left hand corner is the fireplace, from which the smoke issuing escapes through the roof or fills the house at pleasure. On the wall on the other side is a shelf on which the books are kept; hanging against the wall below this are an ink bottle and lamp. Sitting on the floor besides which the occupant may be seen nightly after the meeting, having a last look at his Gujerati, reading his Bible or writing as the case may be. After the usual welcome and a good prayer meeting, we retire, as we have to be up betimes in the morning, for we have to go to Portlad on Muktifaug business. Although we slept soundly, we are up by daylight in the morning, for Gujerati floors are not particularly soft, and there is not much inducement for lying on them after one's sleep is out. As Portlad is only four miles distant, we are able to get back before it becomes very hot.

OFFICERS QUARTERS AT BORCHASAN, GUJURAT.

(From a sketch by Capt. Yerudhan Bhai.)

The postmaster there is a Braumin, speaks very good English, tells us that we ought to study their religious books as they have many Saviour's. But has to confess that they have not one that saves from sin. Glory be to God! we tell him from experience that ours can. Coming back to Sundamo we find that Lieut. Nerphy has just killed a snake that fell from the roof into the house. This is the third one we have killed about the quarters here. We spent the day here over the Gujerati Bible and dictionary. At night in the meeting, there were some men from a neighbouring village, who intreated of us to come over to their village. "Come over and help us." The next morning we go back to Borchasan, when Esaak who is not very well decides to go on to Borsad. After partaking of a meal of rice (without curry or anything else) with Lieut. Dyaiaga and Cadet, we decide to go to go back to Sundamo and get Nerphy and Cadet to go with me for the rest of the trip. It is getting hot, and I have to run from one shade to another in many places over the hot sand. Almost afraid I shall not be able to get there, at last, however I reach the house with feet that burn for the rest of the day, and I likely will not try to go from one village to another after it gets so hot again.

Enough for this time I will try to give you an account of the rest of the trip next week.

Yours, for India's lost,
Capt. Yerudhan Bhai.
(late Jordan.)

ROME.

MAJOR VINT.

Hallelujah! Rome is going up. We have lots of news, but little time to write it. We feel that God is opening the way to victory. Our Hall has been frequently filled to suffocation, and sometimes people have had to be turned away from the doors. Ten souls last week: two this already, and more expected. We want help very badly. There were just two of us the other night to mind the door, do the meeting and make the collection. The devil was raging, but we fought on, got the victory, and had a better meeting than usual towards the last in spite of everything. The first to come to the penitent-form the other night, before a crowded meeting, was a little boy. His mother and father knelt there soon afterwards.

Dear "War Cry," we often think of you and long to write to you about our defeats and victories; our joys and sorrows; but we have only time to write a few bits occasionally now, so you must forgive us.

'We live like you, Maggiore,' said a band of converted workmen as they sat eating their dinner without wine. I had suddenly dropped in upon them and was not a little pleased too, at this practical evidence of the reality of their conversion, for everybody drinks wine here, and it is as in Canada a great snare to the working men.

A very devout Catholic, who happened to stray in the meeting one night, listened to the story of Jesus with streaming eyes and uplifted arms, seemingly in an estacy of joy during both singing, praying, and speaking. A red hot Cadet could hardly look happier.

"However, do you expect to sell so many of your Italian "War Crys?" enquired an Italian gentleman. "Why we will go into the streets and sell them ourselves!" Oh!!!

A woman came to the Quarters just now, as we thought to have a talk, but we found that her husband had come to the penitent-form a few nights before and had put his name on the list, and she wanted hers there too. We had some earnest prayer to settle matters in the heavenly Headquarters, so that her name might appear in "the Lamb's Book of Life as well as in ours, and trust that it may stand there until the Judgement Day. Amen!

The mothers came to the Little Soldiers' meeting in large numbers this afternoon, and shouted "bravo" at what was said to the children about being good. We had a splendid time!

Hall jammed to-night, Thursday, people even standing outside listening in scores unable to get in. If we could but transplant a Canadian Barracks to seat one or two thousand, I believe we could fill it, for we feel more and more how utterly we are dependant upon Him.

We want more officers badly. There are not enough of us to do the work.

DENMARK.

DOES THE SALVATION ARMY SUIT THE DANES?

"Yes of course, your cause is a good one, and permit me to say, you are a very energetic promoter of it, but you will get no converts in Denmark. The Danes will never be taken by the Salvation Army. You must prepare yourself for failure here, if by success you mean souls saved.' So argued a journalist who called on me the day before we began our work in Copenhagen.

"Bide a wee" was the drift of my reply; "you shall see for yourself that the Salvation we preach is as much a necessity to the Dane as it is to a Canadian or a Turk. We shall win; so the best thing you can do is to accept the inevitable and get saved yourself to start with. We shall win many others even if we don't win you."

"Well possibly," answered the doubtful one, but, added he, changing his front, "you must not expect any Danish converts; here in Copenhagen there are 60,000 Swedes, possibly you will get some of them converted to your views—but Danes you won't get."

Four weeks later he came again.

"Well, it is said by many that The Army has progressed wonderfully here; but I want figures, my dear sir. How many converts have you actually had come out to your penitent-form?"

"Ninety-four, sir."

"What!"

"Nine-four men and women, sir, who have come out and knelt down and asked God to save their souls."

"Ah, but—but what countrymen were they?"

"One was a Swede, one a German—and the other ninety-two were Danes!"

"Indeed! But tell me, are they not all women?"

"No sir, two thirds of them are men."

"Dear me, and where are they now?"

"You can see and hear for yourself, sir, any night at eight o'clock and four times on Sundays."

"Indeed," murmured the journalist, looking round for his hat, "Good morning."

"Good morning," and off he went to prepare his article about "that wonderful sect."

STAFF-CAPT. PERRY.

Notes and Queries.

This column is devoted to the curious and uncertain. All questions referring to S A. rules, regulations, modes, and measures, will be answered, all doctrinal and controversial questions will be omitted.

Questions must be accompanied by names and addresses of the senders.—

1. Can jewelery be disposed of for Army work?

Yes, certainly, send it to Head qrs., and say which branch of work you wish to assist.

2. Can I send a parcel of War Crys to Quebec for distribution amongst the emigrants?

Certainly, if you prepay the expressage, the officers being unable to meet this expense. Adddress. La Capitaine Simco, 86 Glacee Street Quebec.

3. Is it consistent for soldiers, male and female, to adorn themselves with flowers at camp meetings or anywhere else?

They may just as consistently 'adorn' themselves with gold chains, rings, feathers, bustles, bangs, or anything else. This adorning is the outcome of self admiration, and the desire to attract attention, it is neither condecive to purity, modesty or godliness, and therefore it is of the devil—devilish.

4. Can I have my name entered as a helper in the "Jubilee Scheme" and give the money in a month's time?

Certainly you can. The Commissioner will be glad to receive your promise of a donation payable at any time to suit your convenience.

5. Are white frills at the neck, or collars, and cuffs, or tucks, braiding or frills at the bottom of the skirt allowable as uniform.

In Canada. no! They are against orders again and again repeated. There are no exceptions and whoever wears them does that which in their form they promised not to do. There are no exceptions. We have nothing to do with any other country, we speak for the Dominion.

6. Are wedding rings (gold) and keeper rings allowable to married officers?

The wedding ring is used in the Army form of marriage and should always be worn by married officers. It need not necessarily be gold, but for sufficient reasons it may be of that metal. "Keeper" rings, ear rings and nose rings are neither godly nor civilized, and are excusable only in Hottentots and heathens. People of good taste, to say nothing of Christians, refrain for these things.

7. Have you any series of stories like those in the Little Soldier? Please send a dozen copies of that paper, I find it very helpful in my Sunday School class.

We have not as yet any reprints of the kind mentioned. In a few weeks we shall issue some Salvation facts in phamphlet form in assorted packages of fiftys and hundreds. Good reading for young and old. Watch for advertisements.

Divisional Report

PALMERSTON.

TEESWATER.—Capt. Moore. God is still getting to Himself the victory in this place. Since last report three wanderers have come back to Him. One of them, a dear man, who used to be a class leader, but in an evil hour yielded to the temptations of the devil, come to the Cross on Wednesday night and God restored to Him the joys of His salvation.

MOOREFIELD. — Lieut. Johnson. Hallelujah, the S A is still alive in this little place, so you would say if you were here to see us march out with cornets, drums, cymbles, triangles and timbrels, with all these and a few strong voices and the Holy Ghost in our hearts we manage to arouse the sleepy saints and dead sinners. God has wonderfully blessed our labors this past week. One soul Saturday night and eight more yesterday came to the fountain and went rejoicing after returning thanks to God, we went home tired in body but rejoicing and praising God for victory.

BLYTH.—Capt. Irwine. Our hearts go up in thankfulness to God this morning for His goodness through another week. The fighting is hard it is true, but we are willing to suffer for Jesus' sake. We know that very soon we shall reign with Him. While Jesus came so blessedly near in the meetings and revealed Himself to those in sin, some wept but would not yield. Lord Jesus save the ungodly is our earnest prayer.

"One more week's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me."

PAISLEY.—Capt. Jones. God is here because His Holy Arm hath gotten Himself the victory. During the past two weeks we have seen seventeen for Holiness and five for Salvation. Last night we caught a big fish—seven feet in length—Hallelujah! We believe he is going to make a giant in God's service. In the strength of Jesus we are bound to win.

PORT ELGIN.—Capt. Alves. In looking over the past week we feel to the people Port Elgin we have done our duty. We have told them of the love of Jesus, we have warned them of the terrors of hell, and yet they will not be saved. We feel sometimes as we look at them that God is going to say let them alone they are joined to their idols. We have done what we could to bring them to God but they seem to think there is still time for them to come, but we shall go forth sowing the seed in faith, and by and by we shall come with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us.

DRAYTON. — Dick, B. D. Thank God this morning finds me and my comrades nicely saved and going in for more power from God to lick the devil. I see the need of serving God more this week than ever before. I have been on the devil's premises this week and I tell you it made him kick and rage, just what I like to see, then show him Calvary and the Blood, it soon quiets him down. As we are slashing up our barracks he looks on in amazement, first he wants to know this and then the other, but all I can tell him is to join the S A and then the dear Lord will give him wisdom. May God grant it and save the world.

GODERICH.—Capt. Andrews. We are having the victory in this beautiful little town. We have not seen the crowd pressing into the Kingdom of Heaven as we would like to see them, but thank God we are seeing them by the ones and twos. During the three weeks we have been here we have seen eight souls crying for mercy. Yesterday God blessed us wonderfully, in spite of every difficulty our soldiers held on to God for souls. We held our afternoon meeting in the town square, because we could get a bigger crowd than we could get inside our barracks. We have made up our mind that if the people will not come to the church we will take the church to them. At night one dear woman, the mother of one of our soldiers, came out with her baby in her arms to give God her heart. It was grand to see the soldier hold the baby whilst the mother got saved.

LONDON AND STRATFORD.

STRATFORD. — Capt. Jones. We have been upsetting the devil here during the past week. Many people have listened to us, our audiences are getting larger. In fact everything looks brighter. Beautiful meeting in the park on Sunday, the crowds are increasing. I should judge there was over a thousand people there listening to the testimonies we delivered. The Queen's jubilee day, 21st, big meetings afternoon and night. Our old friend Capt Brice with us, who did us good service. We closed the week tired in body but rejoicing in seeing one prisoner set free and one backslider restored to health.

ST. MARYS.—Capt Dalgleish. We can praise God this morning for the past week that has been spent in the Master's service, Grand meetings, good crowds and deep conviction. Our prayer is Lord deepen it and make them so miserable that they will have to come to the great Physician who will take them in and cleanse their hearts from all sin. We mean St. Marys for Jesus.

SEAFORTH.—Capt. Ludgate. We are able to look back over the past week with the blessed assurance of having warned the people faithfully of their danger as sinners without Christ. Tuesday being the celebration of the Queen's jubilee and a public holiday we celebrated it by holding two public meetings. The soldiers turned out well, we had sixty in the march at night, most of whom had a sash composed of the yellow, red and blue which looked very attractive. We had announced a great singing contest, open to all comers, for the night meeting, when we sang over fifty salvation songs without stopping. God was with us and many were convicted but would not yield. Sunday was a surprise to the people who came to the barracks, as we had the seats all turned facing the door, with the officers and soldiers on either side of the entrance, and so the unsaved people had to run through a gauntlet of salvation fire both on entering and leaving the building. The meetings were grand all day, but though many wept on account of their sins yet they would not yield. We are praying and believing for them.

AILSA CRAIG. — Capt Walker. Hallelujah. This past week has been one of blessing to our souls. God's presence has been felt in our midst, and we are determined to fight on in His strength, for He has said that His word shall not return unto Him void. We have a firm trust in the blessed Saviour, and we feel sure He will give us the victory.

LONDON NO II.—Cadet McKague. We can praise God for another week of victory. We are still fighting in the strength of King Jesus, the devil was cheated out of two souls this week. Many more are deeply convicted. It is true the devil is mighty, but God is almighty, so we are sure there will soon be a big smash up here. Prayer and faith shall bring the victory.

VARNA.—Lieut Cargill. Since our last report two souls, tired of the wages of sin, which means death, accepted the gift of God, which is eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, and are now telling of His power to save and keep from sin. Many more are still in darkness. Our prayer is that God in His great mercy will spare them till they are willing to seek the Divine light.

LUCAN. — Capt. Storms. Praise God this morning finds us neither dead nor sleeping, but nicely saved and thumping away at the devil and sin. Since we came here I have been thinking more about Moses when the way was all hedged up and he was commandnd to stand still to see the salvation of the Lord. It seems as if the devil had a mortgage on this place, although our meetings are getting better. People are convicted but will not yield, but still our faith runs high believing for victory. Prayer and more holy living is sure to win.

PETROLIA. — Captain Spackman. Thursday night we asked a man was he saved and his question to us was Capt are you as happy as you look? "Yes, sir, and far happier." I answered. Wall you must be the happiest woman on earth. Then showing him the need of salvation he turned and asked if there was redemption for him. Yes, there is, then he says pray for me. I will, brother, but you also pray for yourself. He then got down, and with bitter tears, asked forgiveness. Praise God he got it.

STRATHROY.—Captain Matthews. After praying, pleading and weeping for souls with no results through the week two sheaves were garnered in on Sunday, at the Master's feet. One was a poor man who had just been freed from prison. Oh, how he felt his gilt and shame and told us if we knew his career we would not even speak to him. We heard his story and told him Jesus still loved him and would pardon the black past, then he threw his poor burdened heart in the hands of the dear Saviour, who so sweetly spoke peace to his soul. He was at the meeting again at night and with his face beaming with heavenly light told the people how much the Lord had done for him. Then at night a dear sister, also polluted and sin burdened, wept tears of repentance at Jesus' feet, who changed it all to rejoicing. We do thank God for these victories.

HAMILTON.

NIAGARA FALLS.—Capt. Young. I received orders from the Major to come and help to open the town of Niagara Falls, and, of course, like a good soldier, I obeyed. We arrived at Niagara Falls and the people received us with open hearts. Saturday our first open-air was held on the market square, had a good time, fired some straight shots, and then off to the barracks, found a big crowd, splendid order, and had a grand meeting. At the seven o'clock knee-drill we had a real blood-and-fire time, when both officers and friends took hold of God in believing prayer for the salvation of the people. Half-past ten found us again on the square firing away at the devil. We had just started when we heard some one fire a volley, and who should it be but some of our dear comrades who had drove over from St. Catharines to help us. God bless them, they did help us real well and we felt ever so much stronger. After a Hallelujah make yourself at home meeting we fell into marching order and go singing and playing up the street to our barracks. Of course everybody run to have a look at the strange people but on we march and when we get to the hall we have a good time together, and after delivering the truth to the people we close, and then ask the Christians that are glad to see us to take our comrades home with them and give them some dinner. One dear man said, "Here, Captain, give me three or four," and another two, and by this way we get them all billeted. The afternoon was a powerful time, place crowded, had a good free and easy but no one yielded, but we went home with our faith running high for the night meeting, and, glory to God, we were not dissapointed. The place was packed and as many outside as would have filled it three times over. After Capt. Hassen and Cadet and soldiers had spoken we pulled in the net and were able to go home leaping, jumping and shouting over two prisoners for the opening. Everybody pray for Captain Hassen and her Cadet.

NIAGARA.—Capt. Richardson. We can praise God for victory this past week for truly the Lord has met with us in power, and while the volunteers have been getting ready for to fight for their Queen some of them have got tired of sin and came and fell at the feet of Jesus, and, glory to God, he took them in. We can rejoice over seeing two poor souls weep their way to Calvary.

WATERDOWN.—Capt. Weaver. Still on the war path, finding the fight in the past week to be a real fight indeed, but glory to God for the sword of the Spirit with which we have conquered the enemy who has been doing his utmost to close in on us. However, we have been enabled through Christ to hold the fort, and although our ranks are small in comparison to his, we are sure our king shall win, so

By His blessed council led, we'll keep
fighting on,
Fight away for Jesus, till the victory's
won."

WATERFORD.—Captain Fletcher. Since I have came here we have had some good meetings, and especially the past week. In the Holiness meeting on Friday night God was with us in mighty power. Also yesterday afternoon when Christians were testifying all over the barracks. In the evening God blessed our labors with one prodigal seeking salvation. We believe it was a good case of salvation, and feel confident that many more are just on the point of turning.

Eastern Division.

PARRSBORO.—Capt. Wessels. I must send you the latest news of the war. We are well saved, and just as determined as ever to give the old devil no quarter here. We have been pounding away all week at the walls of sin, and, praise God for ever, we captured eleven precious souls. Good meetings all week, and very good attendance. To His great name be all the glory.

CAMPBELLTON.—Capt. Woolley. "It is getting better and better." Such was an expression I heard last night after the meeting, and do you know, I feel it myself, for God is with us, and our crowds are larger than ever. In fact, three times during the week we had not enough room in our barracks. Six souls have been saved. Hallelujah! One dear woman was so anxious to come to a Salvation Army meeting that she walked 15 miles. God bless her! One dear man came four miles to 7 a.m. knee-drill; he got well filled, and I guess he will come again. We have had some blessed open-air meetings, Big crowds attended them. We are going still lower down at the Cross, and God is giving, and is going to give, the victory.

OXFORD.—Capt. Cooke. Glory to God! The devil defeated again Seven precious souls set free. Sunday we were reinforced by Happy Jim and others from Springhill. It was a blessed day to our souls to see that smiling, happy crowd of faces behind us. It made us feel more than ever like pegging away at the old devil. There were plenty of long faces before us in the audience, and our prayer is that they may get this happy religion. Sunday night was a regular "pop up," and, bless the Lord, three dropped into the fountain. We then had a little jubilee, handkerchiefs waving, hands clapping, soldiers' shouting, Happy Jim boiling over, and sinners wondering if they were all gone crazy. Glory to God!

BATHURST.—Lieutenant Northey. Praise the Lord! To-day finds us well saved, and fighting on the good old way. Although the fighting is tough and the way is rough, we will, with the help of God, do all we can for Jesus in this place. The people here seem so hard; but I believe by holy living and hard work, that they will be brought to Jesus. God grant it, is our prayer.

NEW GLASGOW.—Lieut. F. Vail. Since our last report we find that the Great Physician has healed a few sin-sick souls, who were under the power of the devil for a long time. On of them was a Catholic, making the fourth in this small corps. We are confident that holy living will bring the victory, and this place will be the Lord's alone.

KENTVILLE.—Captain E. Luke. "God shall have the nations by-and-by." Praise God, this morning finds us well saved and happy, and more determined to go ahead and fight for our great King than ever before. Hallelujah! The past week has been one of hard fighting, but great victory to our souls, and we are sure the seed that has been sown in the past week will soon take root, and we shall have the joy of reaping the harvest. Glory be to God! Everybody please pray for Kentville, that God will save the town.

CANNING.—Captain Manton. Oh, my, warm weather has come at last and the devil is in a sweat. His Satanic Majesty finds there's a lot of stickability in the Salvation Army. The respectables have begun to find out we mean business, as precious souls are being saved every week. They didn't want it to be so as the frequenter of the ball-room would be robbed of his mate. The respectable devil wants our soldiers to go to Bible-class, but they prefer the Israelitish host to Pharoh's army. Glory to GOD, instead of glory to men. Christ in the heart fits us for the war. Oh, Lord, keep us in fighting trim. Three prisoners' souls this week. Glory!

PETITCODIAC.—Lieut. Wilcox. Hallelujah! Here we are still marching on to war. We have had great reason to thank God for another blessed week of victory through the blood. We met for our Hallelujah breakfast, and God met with us and filled our souls to overflowing with His love. One dear brother, who was at our meeting on Saturday night drunk, and was trying to upset our meeting, came to knee-drill and got beautifully saved, Glory be to God! and got up and testified to the cleansing power of the blood of Christ. Another brother who has been a terrible drunkard came to the meeting on Sunday afternoon, and God's Spirit had been striving very forcibly with him. The invitation was given but he would not yield. He left the meeting miserable, and a few minutes after the meeting was closed, he came back and said to me, "I can't go home until I give my heart to the Saviour." He fell down at the feet of the Saviour and wept and prayed for God to save his soul, and just like our blessed Saviour, He heard his prayer, saved his soul, and sent him home happy. We mean to go right on and warn the sinner of death, hell, and judgement. We mean victory or death.

CHARLOTTETOWN.-Capt. Phillips. "Only be you strong and of good courage," is what our dear Lord has been saying to us for some time. We have been telling to the sinful world of Him, who is mighty to save, and while our hearts have been burning within us, we have longed to see some come to Christ. Still all is dark, yet not one soul so far, but we can hear the voice of our precious Jesus saying, I will help you. Oh, what a precious promise! We are holding on to God and mean to have souls for our Master, let it cost us what it may.

ANNAPOLIS.—Capt. Webb. The past week has been a good one, every meeting, souls have been convicted, two prisoners have been captured by the royals, and one backslider. Things are looking up quite a lot, and you may expect to hear of some wonderful victories being won ere long. The royals are getting into good shape for fighting and shooting at the enemy.

WOODWARD'S COVE.—Capt. Heal.—Truly, we can shout victory through the blood of Jesus this morning. He has blessed us since last report. We have seen fourteen precious souls bowing at the feet of Jesus, and heard them testify to His saving power. Yesterday, (Sunday) was a blessed time indeed. Five precious souls came to the Lord at the close of the afternoon meeting, and just like Jesus, He did not cast them out, but took them in and freely pardoned all their sins. At night two more sought and found Jesus precious to their souls, making seven for the day. Bless God forever! Prayer and faith shall bring the victory

SUSSEX.—Capt. Freer. Here we are in the midst of worldliness, formalism, dreadful unfaithfulness, pride and deceitfulness on the part of the professed children of God. Such conduct must sooner or later bring God's anger down upon the people. This is the plain manifest condition with but few exceptions from the S. A. right throughout. We need the battery of God's eternal truth turning white hot upon the people, as there are quite a lot that prefer ball-rooms and concert-halls to prayer and visiting the sick, and keeping themselves from these horrible worldly sports spoken of by St. James. We have not withheld the truth from the people. We have told them the work of God.

SUMMERSIDE.—Capt. Clipperton. Blessed be the Lord God for His wonderfully manifested power. We do rejoice over this last week's victory. There has been two good conversions, besides two soldiers received sanctification. Then, while conducting the funeral service on Thursday of Bro. Alf. Hinton, we felt Jesus so precious, even though the rain fell in torrents and the wind howled most fearfully. The memorial service Sunday evening was one in which the Spirit of God took an active part, many weeping when thinking of "loved ones gone before."

ST. JOHN.—Capt. Banks. Big times here in the city to celebrate the Queen's jubilee. Big times in the Army, 20 souls for the three days. We determined Jesus should not be forgotten by the people. Open-air meetings and marches all day. Monday night the gipsy jingle band, 23 lasses with white aprons, red handkerchiefs and timbrels, led the way, followed by the brass band, 120 in the march. Indoors a band of the gipsies, then the "bushmen" and saved drunkards gave their testimonies, 8 souls in the fountain. Grand all day Tuesday, in the afternoon whilst standing for open-air one man who had just come out of a rumshop from drinking and card playing, came and knelt at the drum and got properly saved. At night he was on the platform, his face beaming with the hallelujah light. Great welcome home to Major Margetts from Newfoundland, and although great excitement in the city with the fireworks, &c, 2 more precious souls came to Jesus.

BRIDGETOWN.—Capt. DeGeire. Another week of hard fighting and another week of victory. This has been a week of midling and mixture in our little town. Some have been celebrating the Queen's jubilee, others have been honoring King Jesus. Some of the so-called big bugs who have threatened to stop our marching, and who have used their influence to stop some of their friends from marching in the Salvation Army, because they thought us low, did not think it dishonoring to their demonstration to march with all the rough scroughs and rag-tags of the town to honor the Queen, and had our dear Queen seen some of her subjects rolling drunk and heard them cursing God we know she would have been disgusted. Our cry is to the war, to the war to help save the nations.

CHATHAM.—Captain Dougherty. We are glad to report victory this week through the precious blood of Jesus. Meetings grand all through the week, on Thursday night one poor soul came to the Saviour and pleaded with Him until He broke the bands of sin asunder and set his captive soul free and went home rejoicing in a new found Saviour. Hallelujah. On Saturday night our barracks being occupied, we had a blessed time in the open air. Quite a crowd listened to us as we told the simple story of the Cross, deep conviction but no surrender, we went home singing Hallelujah to our Saviour and feeling we had done our duty. Yesterday powerful times all day, at 7 a.m. 24 of us gathered round our Father's table to get our souls fed on the Bread of Life and get strength for the day's fight, and prayed He would save souls, which He did. At 3 o'clock one sister was set free, and at night three more, glory to God. He always answers prayer, we went home happy, closing the week with five souls. We give God all the glory.

LE TETE.—Cadet Crooker. Onward, ever onward we go, spreading the Gospel of glad tidings to all—rich and poor, great and small, moralist, sceptic, infidel, and the very vilest listen as we shout it out. Sunday, first knee-drill, 9 present. Those who slumbered lost a rich blessing, as the dear Lord met with and blessed us. Holiness meeting heart-searching and melting-down Holy Ghost time. March and cottage meeting (1½ miles distant from our station), about 150 present; deep conviction. We are going in for more holy living, and our soldiers can testify to the blessing of a clean heart. Closed the week's fighting with two for pardon and four for sanctification.

YARMOUTH.—Captain Nancy McDonald. Big meetings, big crowds, and a big victory. Bless God! On Friday, Saturday and Sunday we had with us Major Margetts, Adjt. McIntyre, and Capt. Phillips. We were all glad to see the old Captain and "mother" of this corps. We had glorious times. Hallelujah! We engaged the Rink, and went in to thrash the devil. Had a hard pull to get the unsaved to give up their sins, but last night, glory be to God, along they came, one by one, until seven were crying to God for mercy. I tell you it was good to be there. The glory poured down until it almost got into some people's feet. One of our lads farewelled for the field last night also. May the Lord bless and use him. Many were moved to tears while the Major was talking to him about the life which lay before him. May others come and fill the gap made in the ranks.

ST. STEPHEN.—Captain Scott. Jesus is helping us, and sinners are falling into the fountain one by one. We feel thankful for the ones and twos. Bless God! We would like to see more coming to the Cross, but we find that there is a lot of people who love pleasure more than God. The Queen's Jubilee brought a lot of people in town, so we decided to hold meetings all day. Capt. Fortner came over and helped us, and one soul sought and found Jesus. It was hard to keep the people in the hall for any length of time. [illegible] seemed something like a cat on hot bricks. We did our best, and leave the results to our Lord. Saturday another soul stepped from darkness to light, and Sunday night one more came back to his Father. Ah! "There's no place like home." A lot are trying to find peace, and like the young fellow, they find themselves at the swine trough, feeding on the husks, etc. Come home, backslider, there's a welcome for thee.

MANITOBA.

WINNIPEG.—Hello! well, give me 870 B—. Is the east train on time? Yes, off they go with this information on a full run—both Capt. Harrison and Lieut. Wager—and no time to lose either—rally the soldiers, and off they go on the doublequick to the C. P. R. depot, to meet the new officers and give them a right hearty salvation welcome to this land of sunshine. Lots of time after all, the train not due for 10 minutes, and to improve the time for God and eternity, they started a salvation meeting right on the platform of the depot. Always a lot of people about a railway station, and song followed prayer, and testimony for Jesus, and a warning to the godless to flee from the wrath to come was given. A solemn scene; all about them hurry and confusion, one train going out, another coming in. Thank God for the Salvation Army; may its officers be always filled with the spirit of fierce aggression devilward. Here is the train; and the new officers, dusty tired, and weary—but never mind that—right into the platform meeting they go, and volley after volley of thanksgiving went up to the God who had brought them so many miles in safety, each one pitched right in, and some real good gospel seed was sown. God give it an increase of a hundred fold. Listen, ye ease-loving Christians, ye velvet-cushioned-pew Christians, a journey of nearly 1500 miles, little or no rest, with dust and dirt begrimed, and what would you do, you know well what you would do, never mind, our Army friends stepped right out of the train into a prayer meeting. Then they formed into line for a march up the main street, and look they are down on their knees, right in the middle of the street, "well did you ever," said a fastidious precise person, yes down on their knees asking God to bless them, and save the unconverted, and quite right too. And thus were the new officers welcomed to this city.

BRANDON.—Drummer Gurney.—Our officers farewelled last Friday night and left the soldiers in charge of the corps, but God was with us. Soul lifting meeting all day yesterday. The King of kings again giving us the victory. Two backsliders and four souls came to Jesus for pardon. Believing for more.

NEEPAWA.—A Soldier. Cadet Greatrix farewelled on Friday night and left for Winnipeg on Saturday, accompanied by Cadet Mitchell, to attend the Jubilee. Soldiers left in charge. Good marches and meetings. Soldiers on fire for souls. On Jubilee day, glorious victory. Hallelujah! At 2:30 about seventy of us marched down the street to the surprise of the hundreds who had gathered to see the devil's amusements. Held a grand open-air, while the crowd listened to the singing, praying, and testimonies, deep conviction took hold of many hearts. Back to the barracks, hundreds had to go away for want of room, meetings led by the two first converts. The power of God came down and twenty-five prisoners were captured. Glory to Jesus! Many more felt their need but would not yield, and in the evening grand march and open-air, crowded barracks, and two more precious souls in the fountain. To God be all the glory.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

VICTORIA.—Capt. Dawson. Having a few moments to spare from the din of the battle, I thought you would like to hear from me again. I got the quickest marching orders last week I ever had, I did not even have time to bring my trunk, and so I came without it. I would liked to have gone back to bid my Neepawa comrades good-bye, however, I pray God that He will bless them and make them a terror to evil doers and when the war is over we shall praise Him over the banks of Jordan, glory to God. There are two things this morning which I would like to tell you about, one is this, as we were stopped at one station, Capt. Hackett looked out of the window and saw a lad who had a bit of tri-color ribbon on his coat, and said there's a soldier, I went out of the car to shake hands with him, and just as I was out on the steps, he spat out such a tremendous mouthful of tobacco juice, I turned back and told the lasses that that lad is not a soldier for he is using tobacco. I met him a short time after and found that he was a lad who had his name on the roll, I told him the circumstances alone, and pray God it may be the means of him quitting, amen. And dear soldiers do stop using tobacco, the world is watching you, God bless you. The second one is this, on account of some freshet two bridges were almost washed away, and we had to be transferred across so early in the morning, the porter gave me a shake saying get ready for the transfer, the first thought which came to my mind was if it was death instead of the porter, I am ready to obey the summons and if it was Jordan's river instead of two bridges I am found on my Master's business. Hallelujah. Are you ready? Are you doing all you can? May God help you all.

MONTREAL.

NORTH COATICOOK.—Capt. Marshall. Well thank God another week has gone around and still finds us pushing the battle on, though not strong in body, thank God it is well in our souls. Good meetings all day yesterday, (Sunday) and grand testimonies. Soldiers going in for more holiness. Deep conviction in the night meeting, tears did flow, but none would yield. We are believing for a mighty charge into the devil's headquarters, as we are going to get some more of his jewels. Our motto is, sinners to repentance, and saints to holiness.

STANSTEAD, JUNCT.—Capt. Towell. We are steadily marching on with the flag of Christ unfurled. Soldiers coming out to be real blood-and-fire. Three brothers led the meeting on Saturday night, it was a real free-and-easy, twenty testified of the saving power of God. His presence filled the hall, and as they pleaded with the sinners to come to God, many were pricked to the heart, and felt their lost condition. As the net was drawn, a father and son found salvation. We cannot describe to you yesterday's meetings, hall was crowded all day, and as we dealt plainly with them of the Judgment, we felt that our garments were clear of their blood. We closed the week with two souls, and two prodigals. Many more to follow.

RICHMOND, P.Q.,—Capt. Williams Thank God we are all nicely saved this morning. We have not had any souls this week, but we have had blessed meetings, and three of our comrades who thought they could not do without tobacco have given it up, and are praising God for giving them the victory. Hallelujah! We are a happy crowd here although one is an Irish lass, the other an English lass, and one a Blue Nose, but we are all working for God and trying to help pull down the devil's kingdom.

COATICOOKE.—Capt. Miller. Hallelujah! We are not dead yet, Bless the Lord! During the past two weeks fighting, five precious souls have accepted salvation through the blood of Jesus, and have testified to His saving power in our meetings. Glory to God. Several out for purity, and we all go in more determined than ever to work for our blessed Saviour. We lost one of our sisters unexpectedly. She went out in the field, but thank God another one stepped in and took her place. Christians are coming more to our meetings, and all seem anxious to speak a word for the Master. To Him be all the glory.

PETERBORO.

PORT HOPE.—Capt. Duff. Lieut. and I arrived at this beautiful town Thursday. Such kind people and good soldiers, but, oh, so many unsaved people. God bless them. Ever since we came, God has in wonderful manner blessed our meetings; His Spirit has been felt, especially Sunday morning, when so many were led to shed tears of joy and shout glory to God. I felt as though I could have written a much better report had there been souls, yet we know God is working and we will work and are confident of great, great victories right off.

KINMOUNT.—Lieut. Richards. Since last report we can thank God for the victory. Four precious souls have accepted Jesus for their Saviour. To God be all the glory.

MINDEN OUTPOST.—Lieutenant Richards. We opened fire a few weeks ago. We have not seen many souls come forward but God is working wonderfully in the people's hearts. One soul has found the blessed reality which is in obeying God. It is very hard but God is the same in Minden as in any other place. We are bound to have the victory.

PT. PERRY.—Capt. Pink. Still alive here and still working for God. We had a Jubilee on Tuesday night and the meeting went with a swing, deep conviction stamped on many faces but none yielded to the strivings of God's Spirit. We are believing for victory in Pt. Perry for we do not mean to stop short of declaring the whole counsel of God.

OAKWOOD.—Lieut. Bechtel. Praise God this morning finds us real well saved and more determined to defeat the devil. One of his followers left last night and got gloriously saved after struggling awhile, and just like the dear Master He forgave him his sins and sent him on his way rejoicing, and I am sure there was rejoicing in Heaven also. Thank God forever.

OTTAWA

NOTE.—Only one report received from this Division.

PERTH.—Capt. Yerex. Hallelujah! This morning we can shout victory through the Blood. Since last report we have seen five precious souls and two backsliders at Jesus' feet crying for mercy. Adjutant with us yesterday all day; good meetings and three souls. Glory to God! whoever or whatever may oppose we mean victory. God is working and soldiers and officers are believing for mighty victories in Perth. Sunday as I saw the shop underneath our hall open and people buying and selling on the Sabbath day, and drunken men coming into our meetings, it makes me more determined than ever to fight on and never give in until our King has dominion over all.

KINGSTON.

PICTON.—Captain Thompson. While the devil is doing all he can to get people to go to hell, some by trying to drown themselves, some drinking so much as to make them look more like beer barrels than human beings and others by pride, folly, etc. God has a little band of soldiers that are trying their utmost to get people to come over on the Lord's side, and bless God we are having some success. Sunday one soul plunged into the fountain and had her heart made clean.

SEELEYS BAY.—Capt. Jones. Praise the Lord this morning finds us well saved never mean no defeat in this place. Although we have not seen no visible results of our labors yet we believe there has been a work done for eternity. Saturday night the meeting was somewhat of a change from the usual line. A Cadet gave her experience we believe the people were pricked to the hearts it made our hearts ache to close Sunday night and no one came out. They are a lot of good-hearted people and would be proper people if only saved. Oh, for more reality in God's children. I believe holiness will win them.

KINGSTON.—Captain Brookes. The past week has been one of victory. The devil has lost six more of his followers, and we feel more determined than ever to press forward. As we marched out Wednesday night, brass band to the front, about 50 "red-coats" fell in and marched up the street with us, singing the songs of Zion. Among those at the penitent-form Sunday afternoon were three of the "red-coats," crying to God for mercy. We believe they will make good soldiers for our King. Sunday night, hard struggle, some almost persuaded. Still we had to close. Praising God with all our powers united for the six precious souls saved during the week.

BARRIE.

STAYNER.—Capt. E. Wessels. Praise God it is nice to be fighting for Jesus. I can say this morning that Jesus is guiding my foot-steps. I came here three weeks ago last Thursday and though the fighting has been real tough yet I am quite content to go on fighting. We did not see any one yield until last Saturday night one brother came out while we were closing the meeting he volunteered out of his own accord and got blessedly saved; praise God there is joy over one sinner that repented

AURORA.—Capt. Merrett. "Good day, Captain. How is the Army getting along now?" "Oh, we are going right in for victory, and God is blessing our labors abundantly." We had good meetings last week, deep conviction and one soul converted while many more are almost persuaded and must soon yield. To God be all the Glory.

WAR IS RAGING!

A Call to Arms.

200 Blood-and-Fire SOLDIERS, WANTED IMMEDIATELY!

To be put in Training for becoming Officers in the Salvation Army in Canada.

Soldiers who want a situation; Men and Women who want an easy life; People who will resign under difficulties;

NEED NOT APPLY.

Young men and women with clear heads and sound hearts, and strong, healthy bodies, consecrated to God, with souls aflame with zeal for the salvation of others, being willing to "endure hardness as a good Soldier of Jesus Christ," will find in the Salvation Army a glorious sphere; and in our stations there are many who ought to answer our appeal.

WHY SHOULD YOU VOLUNTEER?

Because GOD calls you. "He has been calling loudly ever since He spoke your sins forgiven, entreating you to be His ambassador. Put your ear down to the Bible, and hear Him bid you go and pull poor sinners out of the fires of sin. Put your ear down to the burdened, agonized heart of humanity, and listen to its pitying wail for help. Go and stand at the gates of hell, and hear the damned entreat you to go to their father's house, and bid their brothers and sisters, and servants, and masters, not to come there. And then look at the Christ in the face, whose mercy you profess to have got, and whose words you have promised to obey, and tell Him whether you will join us heart, and soul, and body, and circumstances, in this march to publish His mercy to all the world."

Many Hindrances will be thrown in the way of intending volunteers—poverty, hardships, loneliness, health, considerations, the folly of leaving a good situation; but from these look to Calvary's Cross and settle the controversy in the light of that sacrifice for you.

In the name of God, I summon to the front every available Soldier in the Dominion.

Soldiers of Salvation, what do you say to this demand? Stir yourselves up to enquire from the Lord about your duty. Knock at the door of your own hearts, and ask there what you ought to do in answer to the groaning entreaties for help that comes from every quarter, from the millions that are ready to perish.

Count the Cost, consider the need, and then send in your application to

Headquarters,
Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.
T. B. Coombs, Com.

Correspondence

NOTICE TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

All matter for insertion in the War Cry should be addressed to the "Editor" Salvation Temple, Toronto. It must be written in INK, and on one side of the paper only; and in every case must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for insertion, but as evidence of good faith.

N.B.—Written manuscript for printers' use, can be sent by post at the reduced rate of one cent per half ounce, if the ends are exposed and the package marked "PRINTERS COPY," over the address.

We cannot undertake to return rejected or unsuitable contributions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPECIAL.

Please remember our fixed rule that all matter for insertion must contain the name and address of sender. A number of songs &c. have been destroyed this week through this omission, and also for being written on both sides of the paper. Such are useless. Will Field Officers please remember the rule as to reports from their stations and send every week without fail. Only 80 reports received this week from 352 Stations and outposts.

SPECIAL.

JUBILEE SCHEME

Some of our friends have imbibed the idea that this Fund closes after July 3rd. It will remain open for some weeks.

Send Donations and promises to Headquarters, or to the Officers of your Corps.

CALL TO THE

French Canadian War

It has been decided to place English speaking officers and candidates into training for this glorious work. Anyone who is willing to offer himself may send in his application at once. Arrangements having been made, whereby all who are accepted, will be taught the French language and trained for this work. The need is very great! The plan adopted is somewhat similiar to that practised by our officers in India, viz:—becoming one and mixing with the people. All applications should be sent to The Commissioner.

Salvation Temple, Toronto.

NEARLY ALL GONE!

The Salvation Army Note Paper and Envelopes first stock about exhausted. Hurry up with orders! 24 sheets paper, two packages of envelopes in handsome case, 25 cts.

Do You Sing Solos?

MUSIC

The Latest Songs of the Salvation Army are to be found in the New Music Book, "Selected Salvation Songs," just published.

PRICE—Paper Covers, 25 cents; Limp Cloth, 35 cents.

NOTICE.

ARMÉE DU SALUT

We have now a stock of hat bands and badges, "Armée du Salut," for our French Comrades. Hat Bands, 35 cents; Maple Leaf Badges, 35 cents.

Send orders to Headquarters.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We have received the following with thanks;—

HOME OF REST.

A Friend, Guelph, - - - - - - $2.50

RESCUE WORK.

A Friend, Guelph, - - - - - - $2.50

FRENCH WORK.

A Friend, Guelph, - - - - - - $2.50

COLLECTOR'S FINANCE FORCE.

A Friend, Toronto, - - - - - - $0.25

G. H. Miles, Stayner, - - - - - - $2.00

JUBILEE SCHEME.

Adj. McIntyre, Yarmouth, N.S. $2.00; A Friend, $1.00; Capt Young, Brantford $2.00; Cadet Watson, Cataraqui, $3.00; Capt. Blain, Fergus, $1.00; Chas. Staiger, Listowel, $1.10; A Friend, per Adj. VanAllen, Montreal, $2.00; 1 pair bracelets, 1 ring, 1 chain, 1 [illegible], 1 locket, 1 scarf-pin.

Coming Events

— THE —

COMMISSIONER

Visits the following Corps, and holds great meetings as under:—

WOODSTOCK.................... July 19
ST. THOMAS.................... " 20
GUELPH.................... " 21

Great Jubilee and Salvation Meetings.

PALMERSTON - - - - - - July 22

Great Hallelujah Wedding of *Adjutant PHILPOTT and Capt. MENZIES.*

Great Eastern Tour.

THE COMMISSIONER

ACCOMPANIED BY

The Boy Bugler and Songster,

Will conduct Great Demonstrations as follows:—

Holiness Conventions, Statistical talkings, Salvation Skirmishes, Officers' Councils, All Nights of Prayer, and Two Hallelujah Weddings.

ST. JOHN, N.B. - - - - - - July 28
TRURO - - - - - - " 29
HALIFAX - - - - - - " 30, 31
ST. JOHN'S, Nfld. - - - - - - August 3
BRIGUS - - - - - - " 4
BAY ROBERTS - - - - - - " 5
CARBONEAR - - - - - - " 6, 7
ST. JOHN'S - - - - - - " 8, 9

Later dates next week.

— FIFTH —

Dominion Anniversary

Great Demonstration in commemoration of the above event will be held at the following places—

TORONTO	KINGSTON
WOODSTOCK	OTTAWA
CHATHAM	MONTREAL
LONDON	RICHMOND
HAMILTON	QUEBEC
PETERBORO	ST. JOHN

Special reduced railway rates from all stations—Dates and full particulars later on.

QUINTETTE No. 1!

Wonderful Combination of Musical Salvationists, Hallelujah Melodists, and Sanctified Mirth.

GREAT TOUR

— FOR THE —

JUBILEE SCHEME.

Dates as under:—

PORT HOPE......Monday.........July 18
STERLING.......Tuesday.......... " 19
NEWBURGH......Wednesday....... " 20
ODESSA.......Thursday....... " 21
TAMWORTH.......Friday........ " 22
MONTREAL.......Sat., Sun.......... " 23, 24
RICHMOND, P. Q. Monday........ " 25

An extended tour through the Eastern Division is in course of arrangement.

TORONTO DIVISION.

LIPPINCOTT

Special Meetings for Barracks Building Fund,

SUNDAY & MONDAY, JULY 17, 18

Monday, Banquet and Jubilee, Commissioner, Chief-of-Staff, D.O. and family, city Officers and Soldiers, etc.

WANTED!

A SIGN WRITER. Constant employment to a well-saved man. He must be a man willing to do it for the glory of God. No salary guaranteed beyond board. "No good thing will be withheld from him who walks uprightly."—

HAVE YOU SENT

FOR A COLLECTING TABLET FOR THE New Rescue Schemes to help the fallen? If not, we shall be glad if you will send for one at once to help these new branches of our work. Address The Commissioner, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

MENS' UNIFORM.

We are now making a speciality of this Department, and are prepared to supply Uniforms Made to Order, of the very best material and workmanship, at prices that will compare favourably with any elsewhere.

Prices—Tunics, $9 to $14 50; Pants, $4 to $5 50.

Our Cloths are specially selected with a view to give good wear, and not merely to please the eye. Ask your D.O., when he visits your Corps, to show you samples and measurement forms.

DRESS GOODS.

We can now supply for dresses Indigo Victoria Serge, very superior quality, 32 ins. wide, at 35 cents per yard.

Real good durable Cashmere, 39 inches wide, at 50 cents per yard. Without fail, ask your D.O. to show you samples when he visits your Corps.

CLOTHING FOR THE SUMMER WEAR

SUMMER HEAD GEAR:

HELMETS, dark blue with Red Army Band $1.50.
STRAW HATS wide brim, trimmed with Regulation Trimming.......... 25 cts
REGULATION Army trimming for Straw Hats.......................... 15 cts
SHEFFIELD JACKETS.......... $1.75

We are now making a speciality of these goods for ease and comfort in hot weather. They are splendid.

Have also in Stock Regulation Caps:

OFFICERS CAPS.......................$2.00
SERGEANTS " 1.75
BANDSMEN " 1.75
SOLDIERS' " 1.75

WANTED!

FOR UNIFORM DEPARTMENT.

Two coat and two pants hands, salvation lasses preferred. Steady work. $4 to $6 per week, or by the piece. Apply at Headquarters.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Re Goods for North-West and Eastern Divisions.

The Prices for Goods advertised in the War Cry, do not apply to our North-West, British Columbia, Lower Provinces, and Newfoundland Divisions. Owing to the heavy expressage charges we are compelled to make a slight advance on the Toronto prices.

All orders to be sent to and particulars can be obtained from

STAFF-CAPT. YOUNG, 3 Nixon's Terrace, Assiniboine Street, Winnipeg, for North-West Division; and

MAJOR MARGETTS, 37 Garden Street, St. John, N.B., for Eastern Division.

FOR ADOPTION.

A LITTLE BOY, six years old. Mother willing to give him away to Salvationists who will train him for God and the S.A.

Apply for full particulars, to Chief-of-Staff, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

URGENT!

Wanted at Once, for the Montreal Barracks,

SAVED BRICKLAYERS, CARPENTERS, and LABOURERS, who will volunteer to work for God in helping to erect this building. We can give no salary, but will find good board. We want men who will be willing to give their time and labour freely for the Lord's Work. Here's a grand opportunity for saved mechanics. Who'll be the first to volunteer?

Every man will be expected to pay his own fare to Montreal, which will be refunded to him after he has proved himself to be an efficient workman.

Write to Headquarters, Toronto.

Household & Barracks Decorations

REAL BLOOD AND FIRE MOTTOS.

Beautiful designs and colors for the walls of houses or barracks, can be obtained at Headquarters at the rate of two for five cents. Size, 18 x 6.

ACHETEZ TOUS.

LA VÉRITÉ A L'ÉGARD DE L'ARMÉE DU SALUT.

Brochure expliquant en 56 articles, son but, ses principes, et ses procédés. Prix, 5 cents.

HAMILTON DIVISION.

BEWARE of an English Dude, generally named Smith, wears glasses, well known in Montreal as a villian and a fraud.

DO YOU WANT YOUR BROTHER CONVERTED? The stirring, sticking truths in Mrs. Booth's book "Life and Death," have a wonderful effect upon the unconverted. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

MISSING.

If this should meet the eye of HUDSON [illegible] KELLAR who left his home in Dresden, Ont., two years ago last May, when last heard of by his friends he was in Durrit, Ont., in November of 1885. He is tall, light complexion, age 18. Any one knowing of his whereabouts will confer a great favor by communicating with his father and sister, who are very anxious to hear from him. Address J. W. Kellar, Deseronto, Ont.

THOMAS MILTON, engineer and [illegible] by trade, who left his home in Luton [illegible], on April 11th., 1887. Your wife is very anxious about you, and wants to hear from you. She and the child are in great distress. All will be forgiven. Write to Chief-of-Staff, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

J. C. ROGERS, who left Berlin, Ont., a [illegible] last fall, will you write to Capt. Kemp, Berlin, [illegible] A., Box 429, who has good news for you.

Will JOSEPH GRAY who left Toronto some time ago, write to his brother John J. Gray, care of Capt. Brice, Temple, Toronto.

If JAMES BAKER, who left Westbourne Park, London, England, six years ago for the West India and Panama Telegraph service, Santiago-de-Cuba, and latterly of Massachusetts, should read this he is earnestly requested to write his brother [illegible], as he has important communications to make. Or would be very glad to see him. Address Salvation Army Headquarters, Albert St., Toronto, Ont. (American Cry please copy).

BERNARD MAGINIS. Does anybody know anything about his children who were put in the Orphan's Home when on Carleton street, [illegible]burgh. The matron was Mrs. Page. The children's names are Catherine, (now dead) Millie Ann and Jemima now missing. If any one can give any information about these they will confer a great favor by writing to Mrs. Lucy Milligan, [illegible] Ont.

GEORGE ARCHBOLD, who left [illegible] Harbour about 29 years ago. When his son Robert last heard of him he was then in St. Louis on a farm. If he will write to Capt. Young, S. A., Box 200 Brantford, Ont., he will hear of good news from his son Robert. American "Cry" please copy. 18-6-87

Richard Terry.—Who was sent out to Canada from Richmond Hill, England, to live with a gentleman. Your father and oldest brother, R. and G. Terry, would be glad to hear from you. Their address is G. Terry, 5 Radnor Terrace, King's Highway, Plumstead, Eng.

DAVID BROWN, who left Millbrook for Rochester, N.Y., last fall; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; 22 years of age; fair complexion. Will you please write to John Brown, Caernarvon P.O., Ontario, Canada.

WILLIAM WOOD formerly of Yorkville, Toronto left there July 28th, 1884; supposed to be in the States now, is earnestly requested to write to his mother, 118 Cumberland St., Toronto. She is anxious to hear about you.

DAVID SHERWOOD EDWARDS, dark complexion, large brown mustache, height 5 feet 11 in., broad shoulders, age 29; left his home in Toronto August 5th, 1886, last heard of in Toronto. Information concerning him will be thankfully received by his wife. Address:—Mrs. D. S. Edwards, 3 Upper Cathcart St., Hamilton, Ont.

If this should meet the eye of JAMES RILEY, aged 55 years next May, son of James and Esther Riley, who left his home in Pendleton, Manchester, Lancashire, England, on Whit-Thursday, June 3rd, 1852. Before he left home he was working at Armitage's Mills, Pendleton, Manchester, Eng. When last heard of was working on the Steamers on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. His sister would be glad to hear from him, or any friends concerning him. Address: Mrs. Elizabeth [illegible]house (late E. Riley), 2 Harriet Street, Whit Lane, Pendleton, Manchester, Lancashire.

JOHN EVANS, who left his home at Brantford in November, 1884, is earnestly requested to write to his mother. Address, Mrs. Evans, [illegible] Brantford, Ont.

LISCENA McKAY, who left Brantford about the year 1873 or 4. If you will write to Captain Young, Salvation Army, Brantford, Ont., or to Box 297. He has good news for you.

ARTHUR SAMUEL GEORGE WILLIAMS, who left Nottingham, Eng., April, 1885, for Toronto. From Toronto he went to Lambton Mills, and from there to Marquette, Manitoba. He is requested to write to Staff-Capt. Bailey, Salvation Temple, Toronto. His parents are enquiring for him.

EDWARD HAWDEN, a middle-aged sailor formerly of Penzance Cornwall, Eng., now supposed to be sailing on the upper lakes. Anybody who can give any information about this man will confer a favor by communicating with Mrs. King, head of Princess St., Kingston, Ont.

MRS. THOS. KEMP (formerly ROSANNA FULLERD), who left her home in Carleton Place, on Feb. 19th, 1887. Your husband is anxious to hear from you, and is willing to forgive all, if you will return to your home and children. Any information as to her whereabouts will be thankfully received by her husband, Thomas Kemp, Carleton Place, Ont.

SPECIAL TO THE CURIOUS! IF YOU WISH to know what are our politics, you can find out by reading the General's Letters. Price 25 cents; extra cloth boards, gilt, 50 cents.

"EN AVANT!"

Journal français de Armée du Salut au Canada paraît tous les quinze jours. Il contient ses dernières nouvelles de la guerre du salut au Canada et dans les autres parties du monde. Il est publié spécialement en vue d'apporter la bonne nouvelle du salut aux Canadiens-français. Prix du numéro 2 cents.

The Little Soldier—ONE CENT PER COPY, 50 cents per annum, published by Thomas. B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation army in Canada, at the Headquarters, and printed at 43 Richmond Street west, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

THE WAR CRY

CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST NEWS OF the war, with original articles by the General, Mrs Booth, and Addresses and Songs by its Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of THE WAR CRY which is calculated not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of The Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more self-denying and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the wicked one, and the most confident efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. [illegible] S. A. publishing at the Perry Printing House, 43 Richmond Street West, Toronto Ont.